JULY 13, 1940

Liberty

5¢

IF GERMANY WINS by Pierre van Paassen

WHAT ITALY WANTS

He kissed himself right out of the picture

Laura had never met a man who *looked* so eligible. Among the bachelors at the summer resort he was a "standout". . . and from the outset showed that he was crazy about her. It was one of those whirlwind affairs, apparently headed toward an engagement. And then he kissed her for the first time! She was repelled . . . but made excuses for him, as she did later—again and again. Finally it dawned on her that his trouble* recurred all too often. She knew then that she couldn't possibly put up with it.

How's Your Breath?

There is nothing like halitosis* (bad breath) to cool off a romance. It's bad enough in a man, but it's worse in a woman.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that everyone, even you can have it at some time or other without realizing it. For all you know it may be on the off-color side right now . . . offending others needlessly.

Quit Guessing

Don't guess about your breath . . . don't run risks. Take the delightful precaution that so many popular people rely on—Listerine Antiseptic used as a mouth rinse and gargle.

This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly puts your breath on the pleasanter side . . . makes it sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Listerine Antiseptic does this because it halts fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. And fermentation (say some authorities) is a major cause of halitosis (bad breath), although other cases may be due to systemic conditions calling for your doctor's advice.

If you want other people to like you, if you want your breath to be sweeter and more agreeable, use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE

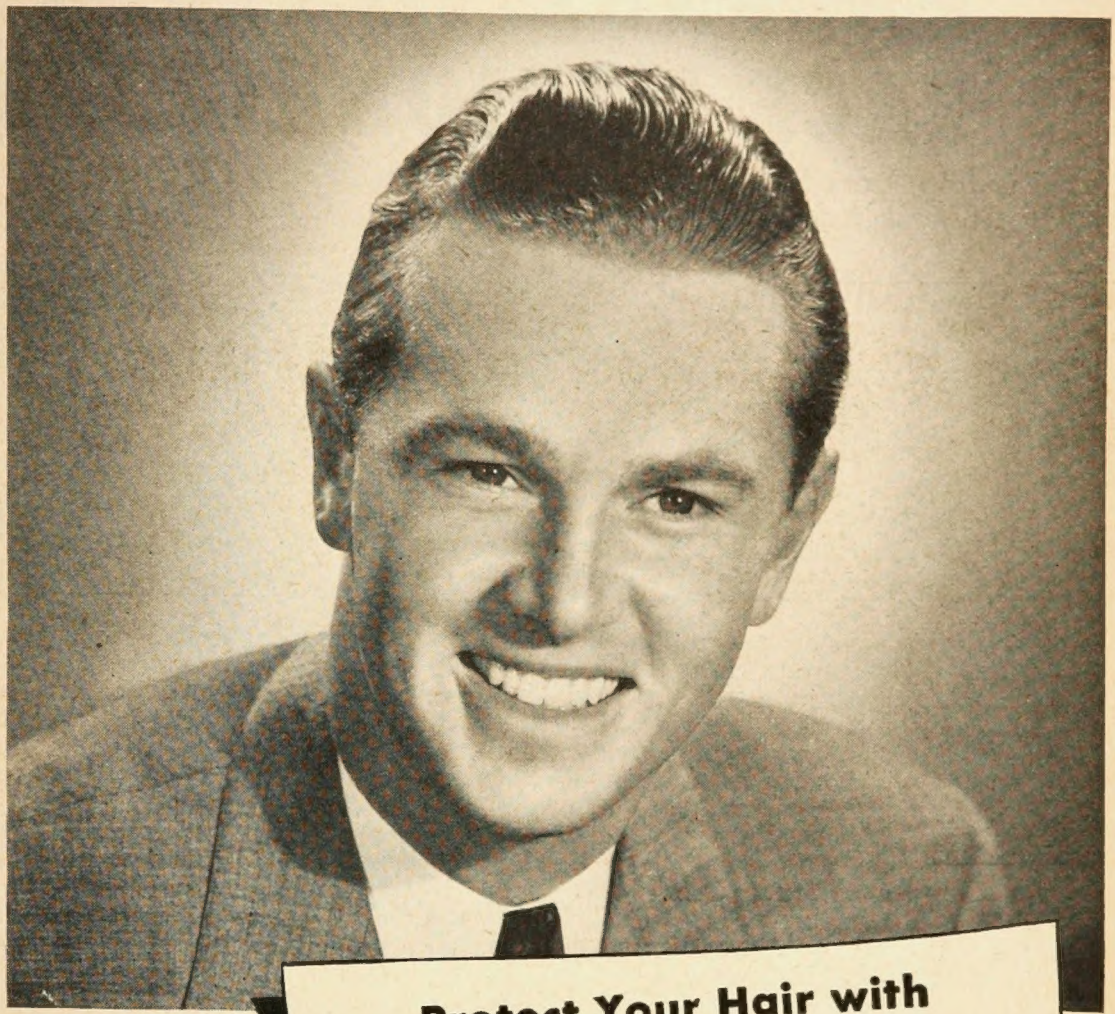
For Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

Hot Sun—Soaking Water

are a double danger to your Hair!

Scorching sun parches your hair —makes it dry and lifeless.

Water increases harm, and washes away the remaining scalp oils.



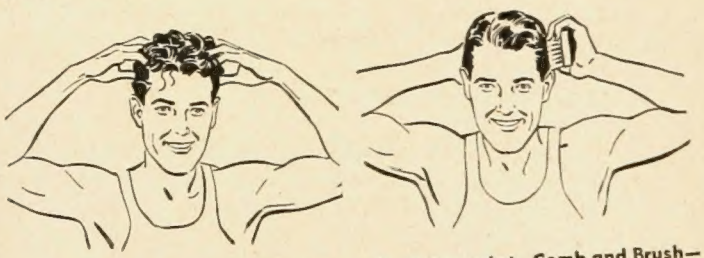
IT'S WONDERFUL to get out in the sun—to enjoy its healthful rays! But every second that summer sun beats down on your head it is drying your hair—making it brittle, lifeless. Yes, and the drenching water washes away needed scalp oils—increases the damage!

Be smart! Protect your hair with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly onto your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. Your tight, dry scalp becomes more supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils and give your hair a rich lustre! See how easy it combs—and there's no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Moreover—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps prevent excessive falling hair . . . helps you keep the hair you have.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today! Protect your hair against hot sun and soaking water with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in the sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

JULY 13, 1940

Liberty

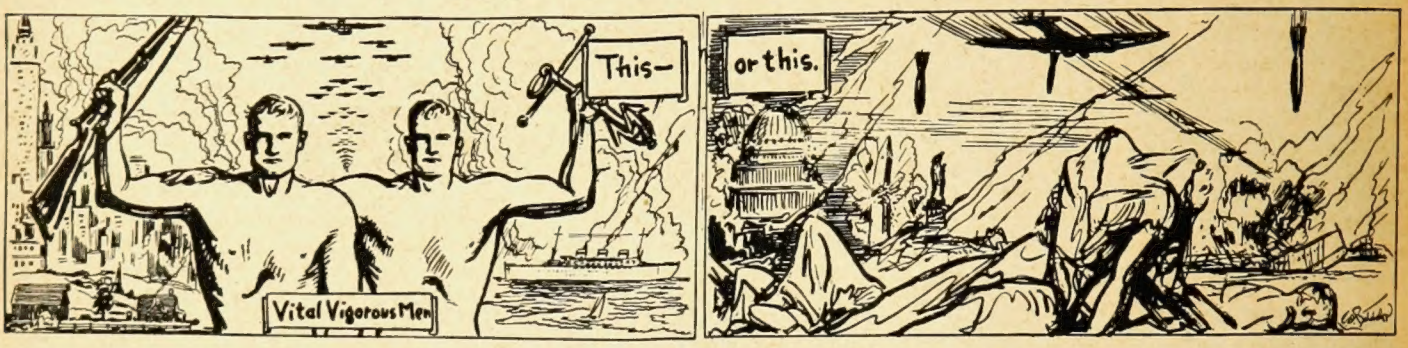
VOL. 17, NO. 28

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

PREPARE TO FIGHT OR FACE NATIONAL DEATH

Extracts from an editorial that was printed in Liberty, February 26, 1938. The warning conveyed was tragically needed at that time. If not heeded at this time, as a nation we are headed toward oblivion.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Some people can be nonchalant when they face death, regardless of how brutal the experience may be; but when we view the barbarism . . . the wanton and brutal destruction of human life, where noncombatants are murdered like rats in a trap, and we realize that the guilt must be assumed by war-glorifying nations which ignore international law, and when at the same time we view the struggle going on in Washington's legislative arena, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that we are just a lot of dumb fools.

Every possible effort should be made to arouse intense interest in athletics on the part of our young men throughout the entire country.

I made a demonstration in the State of Alabama five years ago, associated with heavy expense, with the hope that the National Youth Administration would conduct a similar campaign in every state; but this national activity simmered down mostly to making donations to students to help defray their educational expenses.

What is the first requirement in war?

Vital, vigorous men.

And the manner in which the value of such an asset has been officially ignored in this country is an outstanding disgrace. No other country in the world has been so neglectful. Physical examination of our young men during the World War told a story that shocked the entire nation, and what have we done since that period to help the situation?

With all the billions we have spent to feed our victims of unemployment, no outstanding effort has been made to point out the vitality-building character of whole-grain foods in contrast to the bolted product which nearly everybody uses.

The importance of aerial warfare is everywhere recognized. We have made a few experiments and we are supposed to have the fastest and most effective fighting airplanes, but instead of counting them by dozens, they should be enumerated in hundreds and thousands.

And the way this country has neglected the education of pilots is bordering closely on criminal negligence. Every other country gives every possible encouragement to pilots . . . pays bonuses to schools for graduating them, while efficient pilots in this country find it difficult to make a living. These appalling abuses should be corrected!

* * * *

Let us hope that the awakening of our people at this time will save us from penalties too horrible to contemplate.

Spain and China, England and France have paid dearly for their mistakes. These countries have been turned into human slaughterhouses. Shall we face a similar fate? is a pertinent question.

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden editorial quotation contest, page 54

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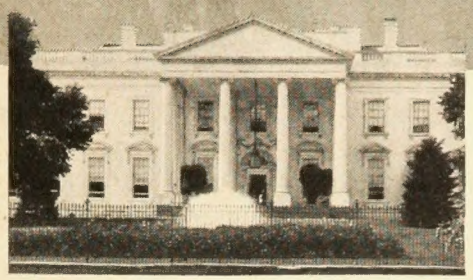
READING TIME • 4 MIN. 55 SEC.

A FRAUD IN THE WHITE HOUSE?



A startling possibility! Could a dictator kidnap the Presidency?

BY WALTER KARIG

THE Constitution not only makes possible the election of a President by fraud but provides no way by which the people could rid themselves of one thus elected.

This is the measured opinion of a man whom a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a former President, William Howard Taft, credited with knowing more about the Constitution than Taft himself or any other jurist knew. He is Hatton W. Sumners, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, who has served twenty-seven years in Congress. Mr. Sumners is a Texas Democrat, which makes the Taft appraisal the more impressive.

Mr. Sumners is not given to rash statements. If he says there is a hole in our Constitution through which a dictator or a political pirate gang could kidnap the Presidency, you may be sure there is one.

Ironically enough, this hole was opened by the amendment adopted in 1933 to make the electing of Presidents and Congresses more swiftly responsive to the public will.

Election day, that " first Tuesday after the first Monday in November," was determined by Congress sixty-five years ago, when the country was still predominantly agricultural and a date had to be set which came after the harvest but before snow clogged the highways. Until 1937, Presidents were inaugurated on March 4, after a four-month interval which sometimes had serious consequences. The March date was chosen because it came before the general planting season but after the worst of winter had passed.

In 1933 the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted. It not only moves the inauguration of the President forty-three days nearer the date of his election, but begins the term of Congress on January 3, thus doing away with the thirteen-month wait after the election of a new Congress. Not since 1935 have men who were defeated at the polls continued to make the country's laws for a year.

Both these changes, in themselves, are all to the good, says Hatton Sumners. " *But,*" he declares, " *by moving the inauguration so close to the election we have made it impossible to prevent, through any legal procedure, the accession to power of a President suspected of having fraudulently received the electoral votes cast for him.*"

How in the world could such a fraud be committed?

The answer is that it could be done so easily it would make your head swim. Remember, to begin with, that only 531 persons in the United States have the privilege of voting for a candidate for President, and that the votes of not more than 266 are needed to put him in the White House. Remember, too, that Presidents are elected by the states. It is not only possible that the candidate with the most popular votes does not become President, but it has happened. In each state the political parties choose *electors* equal in number to the state's total of representatives and senators in Congress. When you go to the polls, you vote for the electors, not for your candidate for the Presidency. Whichever political party polls the heaviest vote in your state determines which group of electors votes for President.

The electors in each group are pledged to vote for the candidate of their party. But there is nothing but party loyalty to prevent them from voting for anybody else if they have the plurality of the popular vote in the state.

Those electors who met in state capitals on December 14, 1936, and there solemnly voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt, could have voted for Alfred M. Landon or for Joe Louis, if they had so chosen. There was, and is, no federal law to stop them. In fact, the Constitution gives them the right to vote as they please. *But there is nothing in the Constitution that says political parties shall choose the electors who do the actual electing of Presidents!* That is simply a part of our unwritten Constitution; the written text simply says that " Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors . . ."

The governor of the state counts the electoral votes, certifies them, and transmits the vote to the president of the Senate, who on January 6 opens the forty-eight envelopes, counts the result, and formally declares the winner elected President.

Now, the chances of a group of electors voting for any other person than the candidate to whom they are pledged is remote. But there have been occasions when the vote in a state was so close that two sets of electors claimed to have been chosen, and in such a case the group which the governor chooses to recognize is the one whose votes for a Presidential candidate become official!

In the Congressional elections of 1938 the Sheppard Investigation Committee of the Senate found evidences of fraud in several states. It declared that WPA workers had been coerced by the thousands in some places, and that in others the political machines had stuffed the ballot boxes. Well, suppose it is a Presidential election, and a close race. A corrupt party machine, in a state or states whose electoral votes will decide the winner, employs these same crooked devices. Perhaps a thousand fraudulent votes in one state might be enough to determine which candidate received the electoral count!

Why couldn't that have happened before this? The answer is that it could have—though, in modern times, only in 1916 was the election of a President determined by the electoral vote of one state.

So we come to Hatton Sumners' contention that " there is not a single state in the Union that can gear up its judicial machinery fast enough to try the issue of fraud in a Presidential election " in the now shortened time between the election and the counting of the electoral votes. And Mr. Sumners knows whereof he is talking.

The whole danger boils down to this: Before the courts of any state could entertain a charge that the electoral vote was fraudulently cast, and before the investigation could be completed and the suit tried, the new President would have been declared elected.

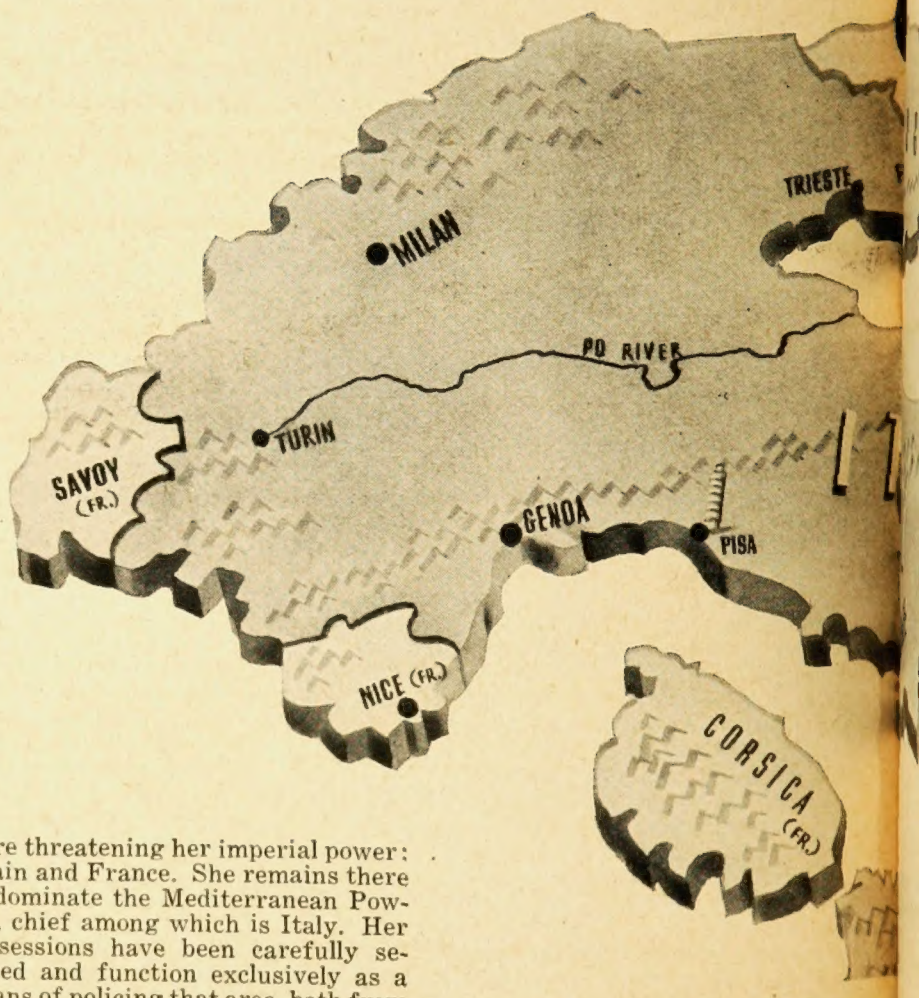
And there is nothing in the Constitution or the statutes of the United States which can postpone the inauguration or remove the fraudulently elected President.

So, whatever the courts decided, the election would stand. The man legally but dishonestly elected would become President—and commander in chief of the army and navy. Even if he were impeached, a slow and turbulent process, it would be the man who had been elected Vice-President on the same ticket who would replace him, and not the man defrauded.

Oh, well, some people may argue, it probably will never happen. Obviously the reply is that the *possibility* should not be allowed to exist. As long as it does, the danger will be with us every four years.

THE END

What Italy



READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE present political and military situation in the Mediterranean is one of the most typical expositions of imperial hegemony which even to this day dominates Europe. The peace of 1919, which hoped to bring a new era of justice to a restless Europe, brought out instead the most intolerable and bitter results. Even though she is the most important nation in the Mediterranean, Italy does not expect to command that part of the world exclusively. She demands, however, that the hegemonies of other Powers that have thwarted or have disfigured the historic developments of Mediterranean civilization, be once and for all time nullified. This demand is created by the elementary requirements of liberty and of security and is naturally in accord with the common need of all the other nations which likewise are truly Mediterranean.

It is useless to talk about the rights of nations to their independence and to the free course of trade, as it is also useless to fling about high-sounding phrases about international justice and the defense of civilization, without probing the basic causes, in relation to the needs of the Mediterranean nations and, most of all, of Italy, as they are reflected in the problem of the great Inland Sea.

The Mediterranean is today a fief of England and France. It is a fief which has not been conquered and does not exist today for civil improvement and for the advancement of national economy and the cultivation of Mediterranean lands. It has served, and must only serve, for the double design of the defense of the imperialistic British and French systems, in the most exaggerated and sweeping sense, as so to exert undeniable control over all the other great European nations.

Great Britain was not born in the Mediterranean. She entered it to fight two rival imperialistic Powers which were threatening her imperial power: Spain and France. She remains there to dominate the Mediterranean Powers, chief among which is Italy. Her possessions have been carefully selected and function exclusively as a means of policing that area, both from a political as well as a military point of view. Gibraltar closes the Mediterranean gate to the Atlantic and to the trade with the Americas. Suez stands guard over the doorway to the Red Sea, to the Indian Ocean, the Pacific, and to the trade of Asia. Malta, Cyprus, and Palestine (which has been transformed from a mandate designed to foster the civil rights of the native Arab population into a naval base for the British navy) act as sentries at the door of the Dardanelles and of the Black Sea to deny passage to Russia and her aspirations toward the seas, to the German nation in her economic gravitation toward the Orient, and to Italy in her natural presence in and about the waters of the Mediterranean.

Holding Gibraltar and Suez in the palm of her hand, England ascribes to herself the control and, in part, the sovereignty over all that exists and lives in the Mediterranean.

The English readily explain that this control is necessary to the protection of their imperial road that leads to India. But can a road count for more than life itself? Can one of the means of defense, certainly not the only one, of a non-Mediterranean empire be considered more important than the right to life, more important than the need for liberty of the Mediterranean peoples?

What would be the reaction of Great Britain if an imperial Power set itself permanently on the shores of Ireland? What would be the re-

Y VIRGINIO GAYDA

wants

DOES ITALY MEAN TO INVADE THE UNITED STATES?

Here, ripped out of the text of the accompanying article, is the amazingly impudent declaration of Mussolini's best known spokesman:

"Ten million Italians live outside Italian territory, scattered throughout the world in peaceful and productive collectivity. More than half of these may be found in the two Americas. Italy has the right and the duty to maintain moral contacts with these Italians, and, if necessary, provide for their defense." —*Virginio Gayda*

Soon after these words were written, Italy entered the war on the side of her Axis partner. On the same day, President Roosevelt made his famous "dagger speech."

Why should the Italian residents of the Americas need the "defense" of Italy? What right has Italy to meddle in the affairs of our country or of our neighbors, whether or not the Italian residents require or request "defense"? Signor Gayda asserts that Italy has such a right.

There can be no doubt of *American* sentiment. *We* DENY IT.

The Editors

Mussolini's war-spokesman gives impudent voice to a history-making threat

action of the United States if another imperial Power, equipped with impressive and menacing armed forces, should occupy the shores and the islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific close to American territory, so as to better control and encircle its national

life and the free movement of its trade?

France is more of a Mediterranean nation than England, but it is not surrounded, as Italy is, by the Mediterranean. Even so, France's Mediterranean possessions, conquered through a series of wars, aim at two objectives, both of which are hostile to the Mediterranean people. Through these possessions she has gained permanently strategic points which act as armed sentinels, and has also assured for herself a vast army of native troops which can be readily transferred from Africa to the home country.

This holds in the case of Corsica and Tunis, Morocco and Syria, with the exception of Algeria, which was occupied when the expanding and colonizing forces of France were still capable of acting on their own. Corsica, in the words of a French Minister of the Marine, Pelletan, "pierces the heart of Italy." Tunis, which was occupied by France primarily because of Bizerta, according to Hanotaux, a French Minister of Foreign Affairs, must "grasp Italy by the throat." These expressive statements should suffice to explain, in addition to other national reasons, the foundation of the Italian right to the security of problems in Corsica and in Tunisia.

The character of the French occupation, strange to the civilization of the Mediterranean, is again confirmed in the economic and social regime which France confers upon her Mediterranean possessions. After a century and a half of political submission, in spite of the huge aid available through French banking interests, Corsica remains a proud but primitive island, without any productive development, poor in resources and equipped only for the advancement of military objectives. Morocco has been slowly colonized by Spaniards and Italians.

FACTS do not lie, and in spite of the fiction contained in well trained statistics, 130,000 Italians as against 70,000 Frenchmen (among which are numbered many thousands of naturalized Italians) make their home in Tunisia. This territory was in great part colonized and rendered productive by Italians. When the flood of Italian immigration ceased, so did that country's economical development cease. To this day, over 12,500,000 acres of fertile land remain desolate and uncultivated. Syria is merely a system of military roads and fortifications, a fortress which has grown powerful at the expense of an abandoned native population and of neglected civil development.

Through this system of British and French possessions, more or less cooperative, the permanent imprisonment of Italy has been accomplished in the Mediterranean. One cannot exaggerate the significance of this imprisonment of the political and military liberty of Italy in the event of a war.

Today England and France are counting greatly upon the effect which an hermetical sealing of the Mediterranean, through a blockade of its gates, would have upon Italy. They talk of Italy's inability to supply her needs and her consequent incapacity to maintain military resistance in a war in which they would be her enemy.

The situation in the Mediterranean should therefore be the enduring reason for the fatal enslavement of Italy, for her impotence to exercise an independent foreign policy for the protection of Italian interests interpreted in the Italian manner. This British and French evaluation is certainly the most eloquent denunciation of the intolerability of the Mediterranean system. But it is equally naïve and shortsighted.

THERE is no doubt that in peacetime Italy receives the greater part of her supplies from other countries through the gateways of Gibraltar and Suez. In 1938 Italy imported a total of 23,995,298 tons of merchandise, of which 20,136,645 tons, or 83.92 per cent were ocean-borne. These figures reveal two facts: That liberty of access and freedom of navigation in the Mediterranean are of vital importance to Italy and that the country's autarchical policy has had no depressive effect upon the development of Italian foreign commerce. Autarchy, as Italy understands it, does not mean economic Italian isolation, but rather implies the regulation of the streams and of the quality of foreign commerce in the Italian national interest.

In 1938 the merchandise in tons which was imported over sea lanes and discharged in Italian ports was as follows: Coming from Gibraltar, 15,922,179 (79.06 per cent); coming from Suez, 1,103,126 (5.48 per cent); coming from the Dardanelles, 975,741 (4.85 per cent); coming from other Mediterranean countries, 2,135,599 (10.61 per cent). These figures clearly indicate the overwhelming importance of Gibraltar as a gateway through which cargoes for Italy must pass, and it is exactly due to this obvious importance, revealed in the foregoing statistics, that England and France base their calculations in imposing upon Italy the gag of silence.

But up to what point is the merchandise which arrives through Gibraltar necessary and irreplaceable for Italy in the exceptional case of war? In other words, just how much does the life and the economic and military resistance of Italy depend upon free passage through Gibraltar? Let us again look at the precise language of statistics.

In 1939 the total merchandise which reached Italy by routes other than those which pass through Gibraltar, was divided as follows: Coal and coke, 9,230,000 tons (60.3 per cent); mineral oils and paraffin, 3,059,000 tons (20 per cent); metal ores, 735,000 tons (4.8 per cent); grain, 502,000 tons (3.3 per cent), etc. These figures clearly show that in time of war Italy's life is not at the mercy of Gibraltar. In the present war, since the time Great Britain denied Italy the possibility of obtaining German coal, which had been arriving, as in the case of British coal, by way of Gibraltar, Italy has been obtaining German coal by overland railroad in quantities sufficient for its needs, which amount to about 20,000,000 tons a year. The mineral oils obtained from American countries can also be furnished by eastern Europe, including Albania. Grain is being produced in ever increasing quantity by Italian agriculture, which has pledged itself also to establish its own autarchy. This grain can also, if necessary, be imported from the countries of southeastern Europe. In the event of war, the closing of Gibraltar can be uncomfortable for Italy, but it is certainly not an effective means of restraint.

But this truth does not absolve the status of Gibraltar and Suez and the prevailing system in the Mediterranean, with its oppressive French and British gendarmerie, of the charge that these are nooses ready for the hanging. These are instruments that vex the Mediterranean people . . . and most of all, Italy. For Italy has the right to demand a truly permanent independence in the Mediterranean for herself and for all other peoples who were born and live on the Inland Sea. Until the barred gates and the sentry boxes of the Mediterranean shall have been completely abolished, Italy shall have the right to deny the existence of a peaceful and legitimate European order. More than ever Italy has the right to assure necessary breathing space and the necessary defenses for her territories and her waters, similar to those enjoyed by the other great world Powers. More than ever Italy has the right to guarantee herself the means for her own free and direct communication with the Atlantic. No Power in this world could declare itself against these elementary Italian necessities without condemning her own national history, her politics, and her possessions.

ITALY is a great nation, with world interests. Because of this she must be guaranteed free, safe, and permanent access to the Atlantic. Italy's oceanic interests are divided into three classes: national, imperial and commercial. Ten million Italians live outside Italian territory, scattered throughout the world in peaceful and productive collectivity. More than half of these may be found in the two Americas. Italy has the right and the duty to maintain moral contacts with these Italians, and, if necessary, provide for their defense.

Commerce with the countries of Africa, America, and Asia is always increasing and becoming more healthy. In 1939, for example, Italy imported more than 2,000,000 tons of merchandise from the United States, 295,000 tons from Argentina, 238,000 tons from India, 129,000 tons

from Australia. The United States, who fought a war against England for the freedom of the seas and for free trade with neutrals, should readily understand Italy's rebellion against British policing, which, because of territorial manifestations, assumes a permanent nature in the control of Italian commerce and navigation—even in peacetime. But today Italy has an empire in East Africa. The Mediterranean is therefore, as an imperial road, equally important for Italy as well as for England. It has a more vital importance, because it is her only road, while Great Britain, France, Spain also have the Atlantic. The empire of East Africa, with its vast Italian immigration and population, is not only a colonial territory but is a living branch of the Italian national territory.

The principles of European justice and liberty cannot therefore be conciliated with the system of British monopoly, which superimposes British imperial interests over those of Italy, which are of equal importance and, if anything, more important.

THE peace of Versailles has been the exasperation instead of solution of the problem of Italian liberty. The mandates over Palestine and Syria, which Britain and France allotted themselves, completed the encirclement of Italy in the Near East by the two democratic empires. Although the agreement between Italy and France of January 7, 1935, did not in substance improve this threatening system, it was intended to bring about a more peaceful understanding between France and Italy in the Mediterranean. A few months after it was signed, it was voluntarily annulled by France. She intended to forget the secret promises made at the time, which were to give Italy a free hand in Ethiopia. Instead, she was firm in imposing sanctions. France then signed a naval treaty with England, which was directed against Italy in the Mediterranean. Again, once more, she had allied herself in a political front hostile to Italy. The possibility of a friendly understanding between Italy and France in the Mediterranean has vanished for all time.

While it respected the British military system in the Mediterranean, the agreement of April 16, 1938, between Italy and Great Britain was meant to create a parity of positions and rights of the two nations in the Mediterranean and in the Red Sea. It was to be the beginning of a trusting and peaceful collaboration between the two nations. But this treaty also was annulled a few months later, because British policy insisted on a political and military alliance with Turkey and a unilateral guaranty for Greece. Both were part of the design to perfect, with the assistance of the countries of the eastern Mediterranean, the complete encirclement of Italy.

The French and British policy of repression of the political and national liberty of Italy in the Mediterranean extends from the oceans to the Balkans. The Balkan structure is for Italy an integral part of its security in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. France and England have no natural contiguous borders, no historical traditions, no real or proven economical interests in the Balkans. Their military, political, and economic penetration was renewed in the beginning of 1939, aided and abetted by their general army staffs and the state banking institutions, which were substituted for peaceful and spontaneous private enterprise. France and England clearly showed their desire to find in the Balkans strategic and belligerent positions

VIRGINIO GAYDA

first had a hand in political direction of the Italian press in 1908. After the World War began, he helped direct Italian policy toward intervention on the side of Britain and France. He is editor of Giornale d'Italia and is the author of several books on Italy's ambitions.

against Italy. This same attitude persisted against Germany, so as to improve the basis for their Mediterranean hegemony and thus draw the choking belt of their constabulary tighter and tighter around Italy.

Italy, which is today the leading Balkan Power, desires the peace and collaboration of Balkan countries. By illusions and pressure, England and France attempt to overthrow this clear stand and awaken in certain Balkan spheres a useless diffidence and offensive hostility against Italy. These Balkan factions, which readily submit to these insidious designs, do so at great risk to themselves.

For the security and protection of her national interests, Italy desires peace and order in the Balkans, which is in itself no less important than the revision of the Mediterranean system. Just as France and England are violating Mediterranean liberty, they are also today attempting to overthrow peace in the Balkans. More than ever, Italy's vital and traditional spaces are being menaced.

The struggle of Italy for the freedom of the Mediterranean and the definite peace in the Balkans is the logical and necessary outcome of the wars of the nineteenth century and the World War. Through all these wars Italy practically achieved its political unification and its independence within its national territory. She did not succeed, however, to conquer her real independence, a complete security around her own borders, in the vital spaces in which the most elementary needs of a great nation exist. The Mediterranean system and the policy of England and France in the Mediterranean have openly declared that their objective is one of organized repression and of permanent hostility to the political and economical development of Italy as a great civilized nation, rich in children and in productive endeavors.

There is a unique and eloquent French declaration on this historic truth. It was contained in a speech which the head of the French government, Georges Clemenceau, made on July 29, 1919, before a meeting of the heads of the various parties in the French Chamber:

"The error of Napoleon III in helping in the accomplishment of Italy's unity was no less great than that of permitting the fulfillment of German unity. Italy grows in comparison to the passivity and decrease of French demography. In ten years Italy will have close to fifty million inhabitants; France will have thirty-five. Besides, Italy is completely aroused and active with all her energy, and her present crisis will only temper her for the future. Through this double, dynamic fullness, Italy, a country poor in territory and in natural resources, will derive an irresistible need and a formidable force for expansion, especially in the Mediterranean. The field of this fatal expansion is the same which is occupied by France and which France not only is unsuccessful in exploiting, but which she also finds difficult in holding, because of the increasing lack of man power. The substitution of Italy for France is therefore fatal, if France does not succeed in preventing or at least in paralyzing Italian development.

"How can it be paralyzed? By keeping Italy under economic subjection as much as possible; by denying her colonial possessions, which might supply the natural resources which she lacks; by denying her colonial possessions in the Mediterranean, which might afford her zones for colonization; and by compelling her therefore to continue to scatter and lose her increasing demographic force in transoceanic emigration, so as to more easily denationalize it.

"Finally, we must create hostility against Italy in the Adriatic and in the Near East. We must smash the possible future allies of Italian policy in the Balkans, the Hungarians and the Bulgarians, and we must win over the Rumanians. We must deny Italy any and every expansion in Africa; watch her position carefully in Asia Minor and fight, in other words, the program of Italian peace. This policy may also result in forcing the demographic Italian overflow, in part at least, to flow into France and the French colonies, so as to replenish France's sterility with men."

IN these words may be traced the statute of the allied French and British policy which inspired the disgraceful system of Versailles against Italy. All this, which has transpired over the past twenty years in the Mediterranean and in the Balkans, has only confirmed the ever present active reality of such a policy. And it has consecrated Italy's right to revolt in the cause of the defense of her life.

THE END

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

JIM HALLIDAY possessed a talent for minding his own business. For twenty-six years it had kept him out of trouble. Jim's nose had never been broken, and the last black eye had been won in a marble game, way back when he was in knee pants. But when you see a couple of bums arguing with a lady . . . when the lady happens to be charming, even submerged in a kitchen apron and ornamented by a tearful red nose . . .

Jim was driving past 347 West Chester Place, when he noticed a huge truck crowding the driveway. The two truckmen were being loudly defiant to a lovely little wisp of a girl. The difficulty appeared to be concern-

He got out of his car and advanced upon the villains. "See here, you can't do that."

MR. EPPSTEIN AND THE Lovely Liar

Romance—and a tangled web of deceit! . . . Don't miss this sprightly story

ing the delivery of a motorboat.

Now and then the toughies would approach the truck and begin such remarks as:

"H'ist her, there, Kennie."

"Easy. E-a-s-y, now, Rod."

The chastely gleaming hips of a maiden motorboat named Annabelle Lee would emerge cautiously from the rear end of the truck.

At such moments the girl in the driveway would wring her hands and practically beat her breast. She stood directly in the pathway, her sturdy little brogans spread apart. She defied the visitors to leave a motorboat on her premises. Annabelle Lee would sink back into place, rejected. The gentlemen in charge would wipe the sweat from their eyes, grunt unintelligible remarks at each other, and go into conference. The decision was always the same. They had a mission to perform—a motorboat to deliver. They were not men to be deflected from an obvious duty by a hysterical chit who stood five feet three in her stocking feet and happened to have phobias about water transportation.

Forthwith the scene was enacted over again: "Enter Annabelle Lee. Left and rear."

It was a movie, of course. But where was the cameraman? And the director? And Klieg lights?

A crowd of small boys and old men was gathering. Sound effects were added by a yellow pup, who trotted about with a nautical list to his swagger and yapped at any and all principal characters whose feet were in motion. A lady across the street stationed herself on the front porch rail and called sociably to some one within her house to come and see the show. The girl in the driveway was near hysteria and Jim forgot to mind his own business. He got out of his car and advanced upon the villains.

"See here, you can't do that."

"Sez who?" demanded Rodney, waving an official delivery slip in Jim's face. "Read that. Says 'One motorboat, Model K. Silversail. Streamliner. Name Annabelle Lee,' don't it? 'Deliver to Miss Ellen Hardy, 347 West Chester Place.'" His dirty finger demanded corroboration of the house number. "That's 347, ain't it? And there's Miss Ellen Hardy. Lots of women wants motorboats and would be glad to get them. People that don't like motorboats oughter restrain theirselves. They got no business to go looking at pictures in catalogues and tempting theirselves to go and order motorboats. H'ist her there, Kennie."

"E-a-s-y. Easy now, Rod."

"But I didn't order the boat," insisted Ellen in that flat toneless voice that means a girl is swallowing tears. "I can explain . . ."

Jim covered one of her hands with his protectively, patting the square capable little palm and stubby fingers. Fingers of a typist, he decided.

"You don't have to explain to me," he soothed. "You don't like boats, and that's enough for me."

Never argue with a truck driver. In the end, Annabelle came to rest upon the lawn. Kenneth and Rodney drove away with backfiring snorts of triumph. Ellen patted Annabelle's chassis with affectionate pride.

"This is the biggest thing that has ever happened to me," she boasted. "And to think that I did it all myself, with just a few little old words. Isn't it a shame I can't use a boat?"

Then she explained.

Annabelle was a gift. Ellen had written a letter to the Westwave Shipping Corporation, telling them in her own words, "simple and sincere," why she liked to travel by water. Annabelle had been the fruit of her letter. It was a contest.

"But if you don't like boats . . ."

"But I do like big boats. And steamer trunks. And tickets to Honolulu. That's what I was working for. And contesting gets to be a vice with you. It gets under your skin. You think about it all the time. You get so you're always liking things because . . . if you know what I mean. For instance, I've been saying over and over 'I like Jim Halliday, because he is so *Big* and *Brave*.' Get it?"

"Sure. I could say 'I like Ellen, because she is so *Little* and *Lovely*.'" He got it!

And so was founded the H. and H. Contesting Company. Jim wasn't hard to convert. He had won a fountain pen in youth, and once a winner, always a weakness for contests. He proved his efficiency in the game immediately by having Annabelle hauled away and converted into a steamer trunk. And thus history began.

BY HELEN FIELDER LOPEZ

The winnings of the H. and H. were many. The failures, also. Jim tried a dozen times to capture a roadster with shaving cream. And won a three-year diary. Ellen wrote twenty-nine slogans for cigars and received an ash tray mounted on a chromium-plated stand.

What they called a friendship, strictly for business, was skidding into romance. Romance, oddly interspersed with commodities and tinged with commercialism. Their conversation was ever congenial and mildly insane. Let them be driving along under a blue pasture of a sky crowded with woolly white sheep for clouds, sniffing the warm sweetness of alfalfa in bloom . . . did Jim talk about love? Not much. He was apt to lean over and demand suddenly, "Ellen, what would I like about noodles?"

Ellen would understand.

"You'd like them because they were so tender and fluffy, like grandmother used to make," she would explain. "Or you'd like them because they were so wholesome, an infant could thrive upon them." And there was five dollars tucked into Jim's pocket, just like that.

They named things, too. In turn they named a tooth paste, a movie star, a radio, and a baby. For these they won, respectively, one case of talcum, an enlarged portrait, six tickets to a broadcast, and one gold-initialed genuine unbleached hog-bristle toothbrush.

They always won something. Until they met Kreamy Kaik soap. Kreamy Kaik sponsors were generous. They dangled tempting prizes in front of the eyes: Garden hose. Diamond rings. Floor lamps. Grand pianos. Checks for thousands of dollars if one could only tell the magic secret of why Kreamy Kaik made bathing a pleasure and users always washed behind their ears without coaxing. It must be stated, not at all facetiously, that Jim and Ellen worked themselves into a lather over the charms of Kreamy Kaik soap.

Each member of the H. and H. firm was hoping to win a fat prize and then subtly suggest matrimony to the other partner. They began in sincerity and honesty. As time went on, their morale cracked under strain and they resorted to crooked dealing.

They won. Radios and floor lamps. By dint of proxies, subterfuges, aliases, underhanded lying, and what not they accumulated eleven floor lamps and radios.

"Don't cry, darling," begged Jim. "We're doing a little better. We've caught on to the hang of it. Next time we'll win the cash. Don't you worry about all these lamps around the place. I took care of Annabelle Lee and I can take care of the rest of this stuff."

Ellen didn't ask him what he did with eleven floor lamps. Perhaps he buried them. She didn't care.

Jim walked in solemnly that night, carrying the evening paper folded under his arm. Spreading it dramatically, he displayed what Ellen had seen hours before. A full-page ad for the Home Ideal Contest. Three handsome homes to be given free by the local lumber companies, contractors, plumbers, and merchants, just for telling what home meant to you and why you yearned to own a home.

"Is There Some One You Love?" challenged the ad, in bold-faced type. "Let us make your dreams come true!"

"Ellen, *I'm going to win one of those homes for us.* If I . . . Will you . . .?"

Ellen would do better than that. She would help him.

They put all they had into those Home Ideal entries. They put love and kisses . . . and ginger cookies and sticky baby fingers . . . and just a love song at twilight, with you beside me, dear. And they won! They both won hand-painted and framed plaques depicting a lovely homestead with an inspiring poem printed thereon—and no place to hang them. It didn't seem possible that the judges could have passed over their dreams so casually. It was a dark hour.

"Now you leave it to me, this time," said Ellen. "Don't ask me where and how, but I'm going to get the money for us, Jim. We'll pay down on one of those patio-style 'haciendas' out in Viewpark. Just leave it to me."

ST. MARGARET'S HOME for Orphans presents an austere front to the public. Orphans may yell and indulge in hair pulling, but such human activities seldom boil over into the offices where visitors barter for offspring.

Jennie Rae Casey regretted this. Something of an ex-orphan, she had been promoted to clerical work in front. She missed the excitement behind scenes. She was secretly thrilled on the morning a young woman appeared with the startling request to see six children, with the possibility of adopting all six. They must be members of the same family, if possible. And certainly they must look alike.

Here was something different! With her eyes and ears open, Jennie Rae called Miss Jordan and relayed the order for six orphans. Miss Jordan could handle anything.

Adjusting her glasses, Miss Jordan looked over them wisely and through them intently, tapping her pencil on the edge of her desk.

"Your name?"

The pencil now descended and began to travel over an application blank.

"Ellen Hardy."

"Just a formality, of course, Miss Hardy, but we must have credentials. Your work? Salary?"

"First National Bank. Clerical. Ninety dollars a month."

Miss Jordan coughed discreetly and adjusted her bifocals nervously. Ninety dollars is a scanty income for a family of eight.

"Your husband works?"

"Oh, I haven't a husband! But I'm hoping to be married right away," she added hastily.

She hadn't a husband! But she wished a family of six children for adoption. She was a fool for punishment, this young woman. What a big mother heart she must have!

Very gently Miss Jordan began to talk common sense. One child might be practical. They had a lovely little blue-eyed blonde. She looked enough like Miss Hardy to be her own daughter. Wouldn't one child satisfy this mother craving for the time being?

Miss Hardy shook her head.

"One child wouldn't be enough," she said. "I must have six."

"But not necessarily all at once," insisted Miss Jordan. "Why not follow the course of nature? Women do not have children in—er—groups, unless they happen to be named Dionne."

Miss Hardy became visibly distraught at this statement.

"I love babies so!" she protested. "I admit I might not adopt them all. The matter is tentative. That is why I wanted to take them home for a day or two on trial. Then I would know better which ones to keep and how many I could care for."

"You came here intending to take home six children! It is absolutely without precedent. We could [illegible]

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

New York. WOR	9.00 p.m.	E.D.T.	Thurs. & Sat.
Boston. . . WAAB	9.00 p.m.	E.D.T.	Thurs. & Sat.
Cleveland. WHK	8.00 p.m.	E.S.T.	Thurs. & Sat.
Baltimore. WBAL	8.00 p.m.	E.S.T.	Thurs. & Sat.
Chicago. . . WGN	8.15 p.m.	C.D.T.	Thurs.
	8.00 p.m.	C.D.T.	Sat.

consent. One, perhaps. But six! Never! Adoption isn't handled that way, Miss Hardy . . . like sending dry goods out on approval."

Miss Hardy sat very quiet, stunned by this blow. But only for a moment.

"Miss Jordan," she said, and there was a rather desperate gleam in her eyes, "let me appeal to you as one woman to another. I've just *got* to get six children somewhere and I've *got* to have them *today*. Couldn't you forget rules for just once and help me out? I'll take good care of them and I'll donate a hundred—yes, even five hundred dollars to St. Margaret's Home. That's how much it means to me."

"You are proposing to rent children from St. Margaret's institution?" Miss Jordan's lace collar quivered violently, as torn by a high wind. An angry flush raced up her throat to the roots of her prim tightly drawn coiffure. "I'm sorry. The answer is no. Not even one child, Miss Hardy. My advice is to forget all adoption plans and have a family of your own. Good day."

The creature was mad, of course. Probably one of those pitiful cases of repression of some sort. Miss Jordan immediately called her orphans into assembly and had roll call. She went over them twice, in fact. Late that night, when the orphans had retired, Miss Jordan went through the dormitories and checked them again.

BUT Jennie Rae was different. Jennie Rae liked the young lady with the ash-blonde hair and the yen for hard times. Jennie Rae was one of seven herself. She slipped through the side door and caught Miss Hardy going down the steps. "Could you tell me *why?*" she whispered. "I know a lady with six children. She needs a bit of extra money. If you've got a real good reason . . ."

Ellen showed her the reason. A bit of paper that she had been nervously folding and refolding during an anguished interview. She handed it to Jennie Rae.

It was a letter. From the Crunchy-Wunchy Company of New York, Chicago, Seattle, and St. Paul.

Dear Mrs. Hardy:

Congratulations! We are happy to inform you that your entry has been selected as winner of second prize of two thousand dollars in our contest conducted for users of CRUNCHY-WUNCHYS. I will be in your city next Wednesday to meet your family and take pictures of you and your children for publicity purposes. Until then, with best wishes,

(signed) SOLOMON EPPSTEIN.

"Pictures of me and the children! Don't you see?" wailed Miss Hardy. "My entry went something like this: 'I like CRUNCHY-WUNCHYS because six good reasons tumble out of bed to the breakfast table each morning, and they are growing healthy, wealthy, and wise on CRUNCHY-WUNCHYS.' This fellow Eppstein will never hand over the check until he sees the children and gets the pictures. He wants his money's worth. Naturally."

Jennie Rae's eyes bugged with admiration. Two thousand dollars! Kidnapings have been pulled for less.

"You go see Mrs. Mulcahy," she urged, scribbling an address on the edge of the letter. "She has plenty of children. Luck to you."

Mrs. Mulcahy did indeed have plenty of children. They were so numerous, so active and assorted as to be rather dizzying in effect. Mrs. Mulcahy brushed one of them from a chair and invited the guest to be seated. She disconnected her flatiron, relaxed, and listened with an Irish heart to Miss Hardy's story.

Why, sure, the young lady wanted

HELEN FIELDER LOPEZ

a preacher's daughter, was born in Hannibal, Missouri, and reared from New York to California and from New Orleans to Chicago. She now lives in Pomona, California, with "the world's ideal husband" and a son of high school age. She says she would rather write than eat.

her two thousand so she could get married and have a family of her own. It was a noble purpose. The Crunchy-Wunchy Company would never miss two thousand dollars. Besides, there were plenty of women with six children that did eat Crunchy-Wunchys, so that part was no lie. Mrs. Mulcahy herself fed them to nine on account of the lovely flowered cup and saucer in each package. It seemed a fitting tribute that six children who had actually thrived on Crunchy-Wunchys should be used to advertise them. It seemed a nice, clean, respectable way to make fifty cents per child a day. And think of the pictures!

She snatched Joseph and David in from the back yard. She brought Mary from the kitchen and Kathleen from a tree by the front gate. Timmie and Janie were yanked from the dust of the street, where they had been fighting cheerfully over a game of hopscotch.

Mrs. Mulcahy scrubbed necks and blew noses wholesale, attached clean garments upon all, and sent them forth painfully shining. Yes, they all looked alike. Flaming red hair and freckles. Overgrown and rawboned. Toothy as to smiles, save for Timmie and Janie, who were shedding their first set.

Triumphantly Ellen led them home. They walked. A taxi for seven runs into money. She was beginning to understand why Miss Jordan thought ninety dollars might not balance the budget.

"Now make yourselves at home," she urged, once she had them safely inside the doors. (I'll bet I'm the first woman living that ever had a full-grown, full-fledged family in twenty-four hours. I ought to go down in history.)

Six well developed Mulcahys filled her small apartment to bursting. They created an atmosphere as warmly confusing as a house party. All were coached on essentials, such as calling Ellen "mother." Janie must now and then sit upon her lap, carelessly. Ellen must practice a stern manner and that dazed and harassed expression the mothers of large families seem to acquire.

Then Ellen took time out for a phone call.

"Oh, Jim! Jim! I've got it. I've really got it. I told you to leave it to me. And now, believe it or not, I've got two thousand dollars. . . ."

One eye to the windward picked up the arrival of a strange car at her curb. The Mulcahys were now as well trained as a dog-and-pony show, but still, you couldn't be too careful. This might be Mr. Eppstein with his check.

"No, I'm not kidding, Jim. I couldn't believe it myself, at first."

A short fat little man was now getting out of the car and coming up Ellen's front walk. Mr. Eppstein himself. In a panic of excitement, Ellen almost threw the telephone from her.

"Here it is now! I mean here he is, Jim. The man with the check. I can't stop for another word. I'll explain everything when I see you."

Breathless but poised, Mrs. Hardy ushered her visitor into the living room. Seating herself, she instilled the domestic touch by pulling Janie upon her lap.

Mr. Eppstein was more than impressed. He was overcome.

"Fine kids!" was his enthusiastic verdict. "Me and my Rachel had seven. Folks don't have enough responsibilities nowadays to keep them happy. Especially the wom[illegible] much time to sit around and worry . . . and want things. Now look at you. Raising a family hasn't hurt you a particle, Mrs. Hardy. You're the picture of health, and if you'll permit me, a young and pretty woman to be the mother of six. How old is your Joseph?"

"Twelve."

A TERRIBLE pang of fear accompanied this statement. She *was* young to be the mother of a twelve-year-old. Twenty-three. Joseph must have been born when she was barely eleven years old. She was practically an Indian bride.

"I'm thirty-four but I don't look it, do I?" she boasted quickly.

"Thirty-four! That's amazing! Do you eat Crunchys yourself, Mrs. Hardy? This just shows me I had the proper hunch to come down here and get acquainted and take some pictures. We're going to feature your family big, young woman. A campaign for more babies, bigger and better families . . . and feed 'em all Crunchys. Thirty-four! You don't look a day over twenty-one."

As he talked, he jumped to his feet and began arranging Mulcahys around Ellen, turning his head to this side and that, looking like a fat old mama bird, as he investigated picture possibilities.

"H'm. I do wish they looked more

like you. But we can't have everything. They're fine healthy kids and that's the principal thing. Shows what Crunchys will do."

"They look like their father," said Ellen.

A truthful statement. Joe Mulcahy was the most freckled-faced and redheaded section foreman ever employed on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

"Good! Fine! I want to meet your daddy and shake his hand," said Sol Eppstein to the assembled brood, wagging his head sagely. "That man's got a right to be proud of his family."

A two-ton silence followed this. Then Ellen thought of something.

"Mr. Hardy is off on a vacation." But even as the words were hanging in midair, she saw disaster approaching. In the long-legged person of Jim Halliday, calamity was bounding up the front steps. With a sick feeling, Ellen remembered that every crime has its weak link. Hers had been that telephone call.

"Oh, Jim!" It was a cry of pain. "I didn't expect you so soon."

"Home again, eh?" chuckled Sol, thrusting a chubby hand toward him. "And just about time. You should be proud of this little wife of yours, Mr. Hardy."

"Halliday," corrected Jim politely. "She isn't my wife yet, sorry to say. But she will be one of these days."

"What do you mean, she isn't your wife?" asked Sol. Over his shoulder Ellen was making futile gestures, twisting her features horribly, in an effort to convey without words the fact that they were married . . . that these six lovely raw-boned darlings were their very own dear family.

Jim didn't get it. Perhaps he thought she was trying to sneeze.

"No," he went on brazenly, and Ellen would have cracked him over the head with a candlestick if she could have reached the mantelpiece. "We have just *wanted* to get married. Like lots of other young people today. We simply couldn't afford it, so we've had to put it off for a while" —*just twelve years*—"but now it begins to look as though we might manage it before long."

Mr. Eppstein was standing with his hat in hand. He was turning a deep purple and murmuring things under his breath. His expression was a study in suppressed embarrassment and personal offense. Ellen felt sorry for him. His trip had gone for nothing. Pouf! went the rosy dreams of an advertising campaign. Naturally Crunchys couldn't be featured as a diet for husky, wholesome, illegitimate children.

"May I explain?" The voice was Mrs. Hardy's.

"What is there to explain, young woman? I feel sorry for you, of course!" He cast a dirty look at Jim. "But under the circumstances, I must be going. If this man had seen fit to give his name to these fine children . . ."

"I don't get it," snorted Jim. "Why should I give a name to all this redheaded gang? Never saw 'em before."

"He's telling the truth," murmured Ellen. "He really didn't know about the children, Mr. Eppstein. Please don't blame Jim for that. The six children were all my own idea. Let me explain."

"Never mind the 'My! My! Just like Shirley Temple,' stuff—does it fit me or doesn't it?"

There are times when the truth serves best. Ellen fell back on the facts. Knowing, as she spoke, that every word was saying good-by to two thousand dollars, a church wedding, a honeymoon with a man who seemed at the moment a half-wit but somehow had tangled himself in her heart. All this and a home in Viewpark! But she spoke bravely on.

"Your contest stressed originality and forcefulness, Mr. Eppstein. I thought a big family was original in 1940, and I thought six children made it forceful that your product was wholesome and economical. Plenty of people do eat Crunchys. This very family have a kitchen cupboard full of lovely china removed from Crunchy packages. Not a single piece purchased. That's how much they believe in your product."

She hurried on, with just the proper seasoning of remorse in her voice.

"It was wrong to deceive your company. But winning a prize from this contest was the only chance Jim and I could see for getting married. I thought a couple of hundred would help so much. I didn't give a thought to the big money. Oh, what's the use!" with a break in her voice. "Mr. Eppstein, were you ever in love?"

But the insult to Crunchys had been too deep. Mr. Eppstein was speechless. He took his hat and departed. In mute misery, Ellen and Jim watched him go. He made it as far as the front steps and then sat down, mopping his face with his handkerchief and rocking his body back and forth. Once Ellen thought he was crying. Then she decided he must be having a stroke.

"Well, go *do* something, Jim," she commanded. "You got us into this mess. We can't sit here and let him die on the front steps."

But Sol Eppstein didn't die. Not while a business deal was pending. He came back again. They could see, to their amazement, that he had been laughing.

"You're right, young lady. I was in love one time. I am yet. My Rachel is like you. She's smart. Just now I remembered something that happened the first year we were married. I get a little behind with the rent, you understand, and Rachel she tells the landlord I'm sick in the hospital, so he won't be too hasty. And that night—ha-ha!—he meets me in the hall. Once again, she tells the butcher I am dying, and he feels so sorry for her he gives her a fine leg of lamb. We had a feast! My Rachel can cook. . . . Now, I tell you what. You take me to this Mrs. Mulcahy's home. We may make a deal for this family yet."

He shook Ellen's hand.

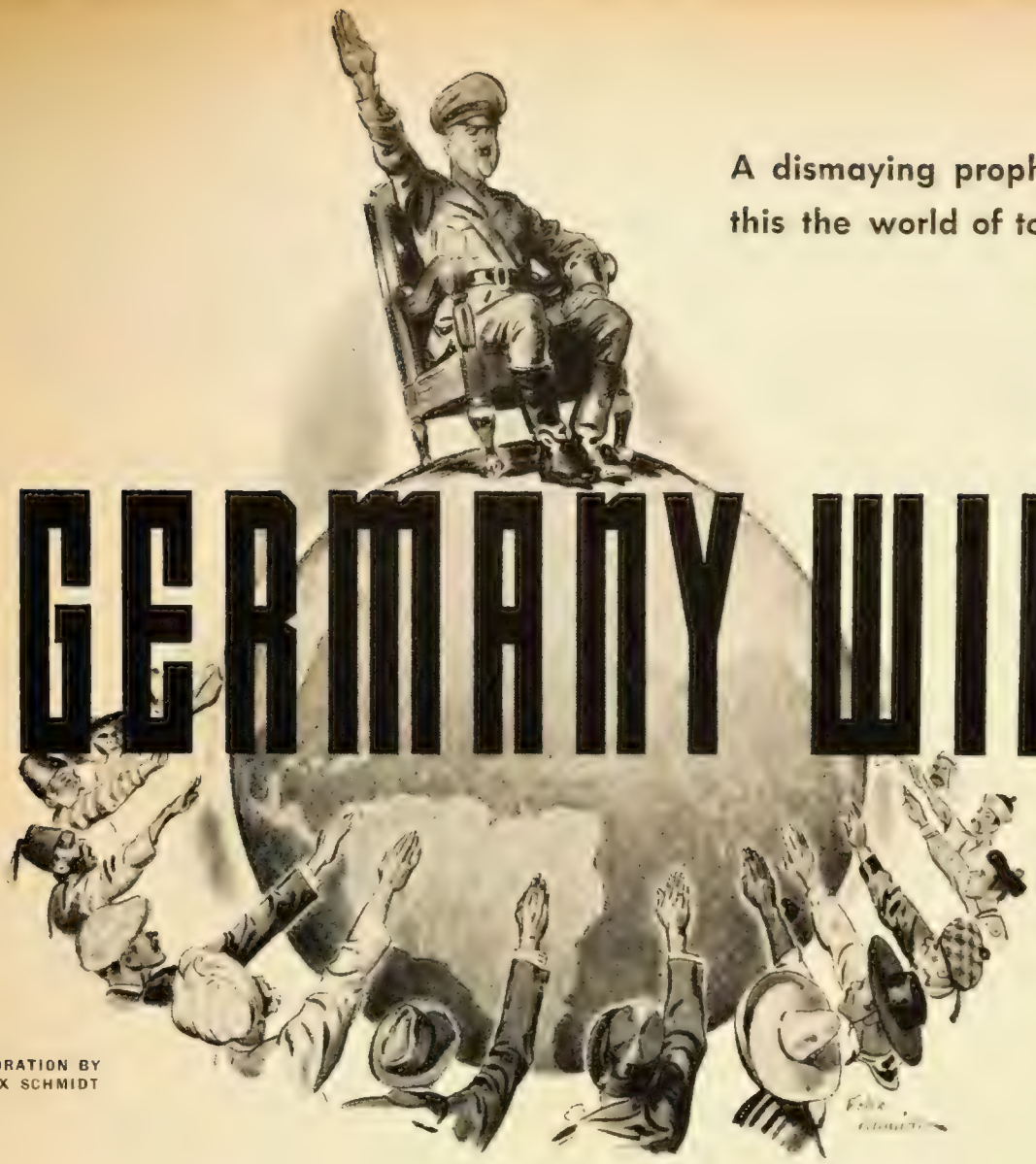
"A laugh like that was worth a thousand in such times," he said. "We'll settle things with Mrs. Mulcahy and make it fifty-fifty. One thousand to her for the family and one thousand to you for the idea."

IN about ten days the check arrived. Mr. Eppstein must have had another good laugh. The check was made for two thousand. "With best wishes for many years of happy married life, like Rachel and me," said the note attached. "There are no strings on this check. But I would like to urge you folks to remember how you got this prize and start in right now to earn your money."

THE END

A dismaying prophecy . . Is this the world of tomorrow?

IF GERMANY WINS



DECORATION BY FELIX SCHMIDT

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IF Germany wins the war, one man will decide the fate of Europe and possibly the destiny of the world. Adolf Hitler, who a generation ago served in the Kaiser's army as an unknown provisional corporal with private's pay, will dictate the conditions of a German peace to panic-stricken nations. There will be no discussion. One voice will speak—that of the Führer of all the Germans.

Let us suppose—painful though the thought is—that the Nazi blitzkrieg has succeeded. Unable to withstand any longer the inhuman aerial attacks, the relentless, crushing impact of the mechanized onslaught of Hitler's war machine, the Allied armies have given up, the civilian populations clamor for peace. Helpless, battered to bits, Europe lies at the feet of the German war lord. Western civilization has surrendered.

The peace conference meets in the swastika-decorated Friedenssaal at Münster. It was in that hall, in 1648, that Germany signed the Peace of Westphalia after her disastrous Thirty Years' War. In the city's streets an intoxicated brown-uniformed mob uninterruptedly sings the Horst Wessel hymn: "Today Europe is ours. Tomorrow we shall have the world!" A tense Germany awaits the word of the Führer, the word that will repay the Germans for all their sacrifices, for their millions of young men killed and crippled in the victorious war. A nation listens for the voice that will reward it for its abnegation, for its willingness to live on *Ersatz* until the day of victory.

Der Tag has dawned at last.

Flanked by his personal guard of storm troopers, the Führer mounts the high rostrum and looks down at the peace delegates of the vanquished nations. Former prime ministers, commanders in chief, spokesmen of empires, now a lot of subdued and frightened mortals with heads bowed low, waiting for the ax to fall.

Adolf Hitler, pale but with an unmistakable sneer of triumph around his mouth, begins to read the terms of the German-made peace. And as he speaks in his high-pitched penetrating voice, the unbelieving ears of millions on every continent listen to the radio-borne words of the master of Europe:

"With the might that springs from spiritual and military power, a united Germany has broken the French and British empires which dared to oppose their will to the rightful claims of eighty million Germans. The weak-kneed democratic form of government which these countries represented is dead—gone forever. Germany has come into her own.

"No one remains to dispute the historic truth demonstrated by my heroic soldiers, that National Socialism is the most effective and just form of government. No one in the world will be so reckless as to deny that the Aryan race, chosen by destiny to rule over the world, has the right—nay, the sacred duty—to impose a new civilization on the peoples who have been misled by the false prophets of democracy, peace, and international capitalism. If any nation across the Atlantic has not yet realized that we mean to remake the world in accordance with the ideals and principles of National Socialism, we may have to demonstrate to the arrogant democracies of America the might of the new Nazi Europe which I am proclaiming today."

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Author of Days of Our Years

1—To be Greater Germany's shipyard. 2, 3—To supply ores and timber. 4—To supply dairy products and eggs. 5—Germany's part of Poland, to supply cattle and textiles. 6—To be annexed. 7—To be ceded to Italy. 8—To be ceded to Spain. 9—Probably an ally of Germany, Spain, and Italy. 10—To be ceded to Italy. ? ?—According to Mr. van Paassen's most recent information, Nazi plans for Ireland and Russia are indefinite.

Delirious joy seizes the audience in the Friedenssaal and the hundreds of thousands who throng the streets, listening to the voice of Hitler booming through gigantic loud-speakers. He continues:

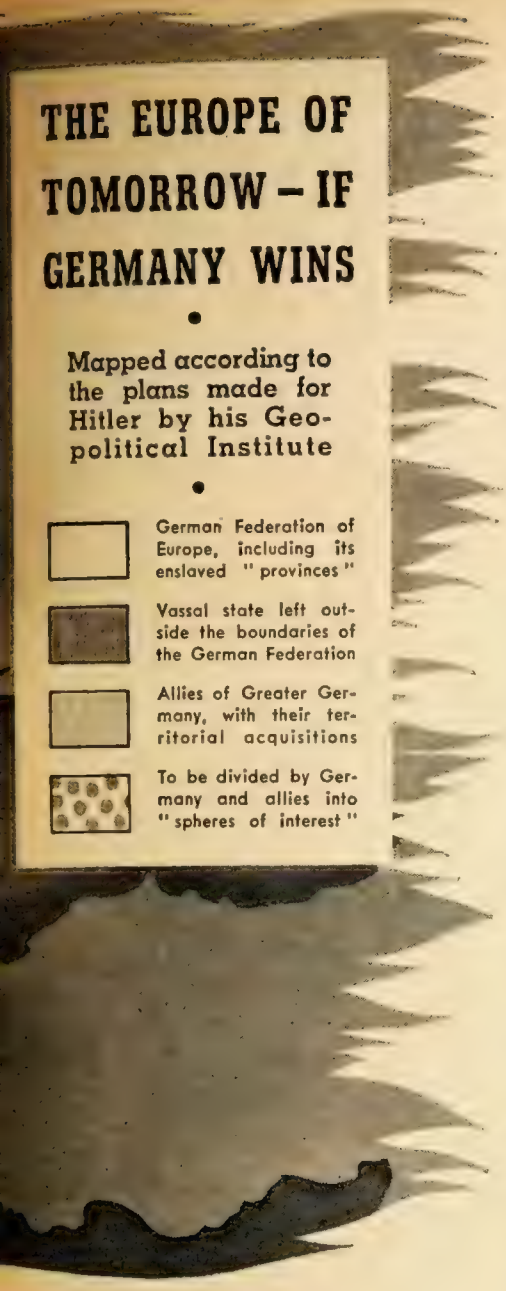
"France and England have ceased to exist. So have the other European countries heretofore known as Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, or whatever their names may have been. From today on there is only one German Federation of Europe. To it the separate nationalities of Europe will be admitted, provided they fully recognize their status as dependent provinces under the protection of the German Federation. Under my personal direction the new Commissioner of Finance of this new German Federation has worked out a unified economy, abolishing customs barriers and establishing German currency as the only legal tender.

"The details of this unified economy will be made known in due course. Today it suffices to say that each province, under German military and administrative commissions, will be assigned definite and exclusive tasks. To cite but a few examples: Rumania's industries are to be dismantled, and the country will from now on be restricted to agricultural exploitation. Britain will be harnessed for ship construction exclusively. Huge yards will be constructed to build the most powerful warships and seaplanes for the defensive and offensive war measures of the German Federation. Denmark and Holland will provide us with our eggs and butter and cheese. Norway and Sweden will work their rich mines and fell their valuable timber to supply German needs. The production work of every country, whether industrial or agricultural, will be carried on under the supervision of the German government, in accordance with German-planned economy.

"The National Socialist form of government, which has proved to the world its superiority over the degenerate democratic forms of government, is to be instituted throughout Europe. Any resistance, sabotage, or Jewish conspiracy against the High Government of the German Federation of Europe will be dealt with ruthlessly. Europe will have only one army, the German army. The youth of other nationalities will be trained to do labor for the state and will be organized in labor divisions under the command of German *Gauleiters*."

Thus a part of Herr Hitler's introductory remarks to the peace conference at Münster may very well read.

If Germany wins the present war,


THE EUROPE OF TOMORROW – IF GERMANY WINS
Mapped according to the plans made for Hitler by his Geo-political Institute
German Federation of Europe, including its enslaved "provinces"
Vassal state left outside the boundaries of the German Federation
Allies of Greater Germany, with their territorial acquisitions
To be divided by Germany and allies into "spheres of interest"

she will do to all of Europe what she has done to Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium: subjugate it and strip it bare. To the defeated, nothing will be left except their eyes to weep over their tragedy.

General Erich von Ludendorff, the man who did the thinking for Marshal Hindenburg in the 1914-18 World War, wrote in his book, The Total War, these directions, which Hitler is following to the letter:

"We must apply the old Roman maxim to our foes. *Vae victis!* Woe to the conquered! But we must apply this maxim with the ruthlessness and precision of a people who have made war and its refinements their life's work. After the next victorious war we must strike the conquered foe so mercilessly that his spirit and the spirit of his children will be crushed for generations. No conquered foe must ever again dare to look a German in the face as an equal. He must recognize him as his overlord."

The motto of Hitler's government, its peace aim, can be condensed into four words: Enslavement of the defeated.

If Germany should be victorious in this war—that is to say, if Hitler's stupendous mechanized forces can deal a knockout blow to Britain and France — the conquered peoples of Europe will exist solely to satisfy the needs, the whims, the greed, and the lust of the *Herrenvolk*. *Herrenvolk* is the name by which the race philosophers in the Reich designate the German people. It means the nation of overlords, the dominant tribe, the master people. For many decades the thinkers and leaders of Germany have been drilling into the German people the conviction that they are a race of superior beings, chosen by destiny to command and dominate the other races on the globe.

Until the advent of Hitler, this conception of the German role in the world remained merely a pseudo-scientific theory, a more or less abstract national glorification, existing chiefly between the covers of philosophical, sociological, and military books. But the Nazi regime has made the idea of the Germans as a super-race part and parcel of the average man's creed. In other words, each German knows and feels that his Aryan, one-hundred-per-cent Nordic blood entitles him to a position of power over the other populations of our earth.

It is important to understand the inner conviction that animates the Germans of Hitlerland. A Nazi military victory would loose so irrepressible a desire on the part of the German people to lord it over the defeated that even a dictatorial government would be powerless to restrain it. Military success would be the signal for the German people to plunder the vanquished, to rob and loot. All the transportable resources of Europe would be directed toward Germany: the gold, the coal and oil and ores, the timber and the grain, the dairy products and the textiles, and even the works of art. The German doctrine of the superior race takes it for granted that the German standard of living should be higher than that of other nations.

Hitler will not share the mastery of Europe with any one, not even his allies. The German hegemony will naturally be extended to the colonial empires of Engand and France. Any native attempt to resist will be suppressed without mercy. Cut off from the sources of supplies in the motherland, the colonial armies cannot be expected to fight for any length of time.

The map of Europe will have one color if Hitler wins. The population will be divided into subject races of lesser and higher degree. Slavs and Jews will have a status slightly more dignified than that of animals or of the slave population of ancient Sparta. They, in other words, will be the carriers of water, the hewers of stone, the beasts of burden to do the black labor for the German *Herrenvolk*. The Danes, the Dutch, and the Norwegians, on the other hand, will be eligible for graduation into the lordly class, for they are recognized as being of the same blood as the conquerors. But equality with the Germans will not be accorded them until the long-festering poison of democracy shall have been completely eradicated.

Provinces of the German Federation of Europe will be given only the semblance of national autonomy. Actually they will be ruled by puppet governments recruited from the ranks of the Fifth Column, thus rewarded for services rendered to Hitler during the war.

For years the territories that once were France and England will be the scene of wholesale purgings of democratic die-hards attempting to rebel against the Nazi regime. Nazi leaders make no secret of the fact that they already possess all the names of diplomats, journalists, intellectuals, cartoonists, and professors who at any time during their career spoke disrespectfully of the Führer. "Black honor lists" is what the inner Nazi circles call these registers. Those listed will be taken care of at the first opportunity, even before Herr Hitler announces his peace program. Miles of concentration camps will mark the landscape of the new Europe.

A GERMAN-MADE peace will result in the transformation of Nazi Europe into the most powerful war machine the human brain has ever devised. Under German supervision the scientists of Europe will be compelled to devote their talents to the invention of new weapons for the further expansion of Nazi domination. Once Europe is thoroughly enslaved, Hitler will prepare the war of continents to complete his world conquest. There is a strong section in the Geopolitical Institute—the academy that works out the details for the Reich's military and economic campaigns—which insists that no time need be lost between the subjugation of Europe and the attack against the Western Hemisphere. Germany is ready today, even without the British and French resources, to occupy military points of support in South, Central, and even North America, they say. Right after the war, before the United States has built up its defenses, Hitler's brain trusters point out, would be the most opportune time.

Thus a German peace would, in effect, mean a continuation of the war. Nazi philosophers constantly preach that the vitality of a people is renewed and strengthened only through combat. It is therefore to be expected that a Nazi Europe will go on fighting until nothing is left to be conquered. Hitler's ever recurring motto is: Either the Nazis will rule the world, or they will go down to defeat in a burst of destruction that will drag all civilization down in ruins.

If Germany wins, all Europe will become what Germany is today. And the shadow of Nazi Europe will fall across America.

THE END

Winston Churchill and His American Mother

The fascinating chronicle of a colorful past that gave England its man of the hour

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

SHELTERED as her life in America had been, Jennie Jerome had always been aware of a certain camaraderie among Americans generally which she failed utterly to find in the London of Victoria's time.

She recalled, for instance, that even in Newport, where she had been taken as a child, there was an informality which had suffered her and her mates to hitch up their pet donkeys, Willie and Wooshey, and drive them at great speed down fashionable Bellevue Avenue. She couldn't imagine Willie and Wooshey being allowed to caper on Rotten Row in Hyde Park!

"To dine anywhere except in a private home was thought quite emancipated," the youthful American observed. "To go by oneself in a hansom was thought very 'fast'—not to speak of walking, which could be permitted only on quiet squares or streets. As for young girls driving anywhere by themselves, such a thing was unheard of."

Moreover, it was considered quite improper for a newly married pair to mix with ordinary mortals anywhere in European society for at least a month after their wedding. Lady Randolph recalled appearing with her husband, not long after her marriage, at a ball at Stafford House in honor of Czar Alexander II of Russia. Upon learning that she had been married only a few weeks, the Czar, who had previously shown her marked attention, cast on her a look of censure.

"And here already!" he exclaimed.

The gloom of strict Sunday observance depressed the American Lady Randolph no end, as did the manner in which the Englishwomen dressed. In those days it took a Paris fashion at least two years to cross the Channel, and then the average Englishwoman in society didn't know what to do with it. Anything could be worn to the races, even a dinner costume. Jennie recalled appearing at Ascot on Cup Day in her wedding dress of white satin and point lace. On the other hand, black and black only could be worn at the theater.

"Once when I appeared in pale blue, Randolph implored me, before starting, to change it, as it was 'so conspicuous.'"

Even country house parties were conducted in the strictest routine. Breakfast was a ceremonious meal at which no one began to eat until every one was seated, and for which the women dressed in long velvet or silk dresses with dragging trains. The days at home with the women guests, while the men everlastingly hunted, drove the young American almost to open rebellion.

"They used to sit solemnly through an elaborate tea," she complained, "exchanging civilities for an hour or more, until the hostess (who wore a lace cap if 'middle-aged'—then about forty) gave the signal to rise, uttering the invariable formula, 'I am sure you must need a little rest.'"

Perhaps Lady Randolph's nostalgic memories of the glorious informality of American life were somewhat exaggerated. Certainly, on one of her visits to her native country, when she and her husband were whisked off to Bar Harbor in Chauncey M. Depew's private car, she was distressed to find herself plunged into a round of "perpetual dressing, dinners, dances, and that horror of horrors, the leaving of cards."

Newport, too, with its marble palaces, had now become "more town than country." On this visit, which occurred after she had been married twenty years to Lord Randolph, she saw her first "swimming bath open to the sky, through which salt water was constantly flowing. Here he [the owner, Mr. George Vanderbilt] and his friends of both sexes disported themselves, bobbing up and down, diving and swimming without shyness." But even in this most informal procedure she noticed social self-consciousness.

"While in the water," she stated, "there was no hilarity or chaff. Everything was conducted with the greatest decorum."

MEANWHILE, quite regardless of the differences or the similarities between life in America and life in England, and of the common attitude toward American "intruders" in the social circles in which her husband moved, the young Lady Randolph looked forward not only undismayed but with unfeigned joy to the social triumphs of her first London season. But before the year's end, "our boy Winston" was born.

Shortly thereafter, again before the anticipated social triumphs could be fully achieved, her father-in-law, Winston's grandfather, the old duke, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and it was decided that she and Randolph should accompany him, the latter as his unpaid private secretary.

"So Randolph and I, with our boy Winston, took up our abode at the Private Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park," she wrote. And an insight into the impression which the Irish wit made on her is afforded us by one of her comments: "During the three years we lived there, I cannot remember meeting one really dull man."

Her husband was now in Parliament, and his membership kept him shuttling between Dublin and London. On one of his visits to London, he wrote his wife:

"I dined with Lord Wharncliffe last night, and took in to dinner a Mrs. Langtry, a most beautiful creature—quite unknown, very poor, and they say she has but one black dress."

Two of these statements of his remained true for only the briefest period: the famous Jersey Lily's being unknown and her having any lack of fashionable attire. In fact, by the time the Churchills returned to London, Mrs. Langtry and a certain Mrs. Wheeler were known to all as London's "professional beauties," with-

out whose presence no party was really complete. The wise hostess, if she wished a good attendance, would scribble at the bottom of her engraved invitation:

"Do come. The 'P. B.s' will be there."

But when at last the youthful Lady Randolph could flash her fresh American beauty on the habitués of Mayfair drawing rooms, the "P. Bs." had a worthy rival. In her Reminiscences she bowed gracefully to Georgina, Countess of Dudley, as the most beautiful woman in London society, but the prevailing opinion seems to have been that the golden apple belonged without question to herself.

For nearly three decades after her marriage she was quite as active in British politics as her son was later to become—active solely in behalf of her menfolk. In fact, when her husband, the noble lord, was in the government and loaded with duties, he made no attempt to contest the elections himself but left both the canvassing and the managing to his American wife.

Her activity as a campaigner caused an astonished British electorate to sing appreciatively:

"Bless my soul! that Yankee lady,
Whether day was bright or shady,
Dashed about the district like an oriflamme of war.
When the voters saw her bonnet
With the bright pink roses on it,
They followed as the soldiers did the
Helmet of Navarre."

She had an excellent voice, and she spoke well and easily from notes which she kept hidden in her fan. On her first public appearance, the press, after commenting on her "courageous" and "witty" references to Mr. Gladstone "in his new role of undertaker," mentioned quite casually that she was "ably supported by Lord Salisbury's nephew, Mr. A. J. Balfour."

That Lady Randolph deserved the adjectives "courageous" and "witty" is instanced by an exchange of telegrams between her and the rising

ILLUSTRATOR GEORGE HUGHES

"We worked together on even terms, more like brother and sister than mother and son."

author George Bernard Shaw on the occasion of her having invited him to take luncheon in her house in Connaught Place. Shaw's reply:

CERTAINLY NOT WHAT HAVE I DONE TO PROVOKE SUCH AN ATTACK ON MY WELL KNOWN HABIT?

Lady Randolph's rejoinder:

KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR HABITS HOPE THEY ARE NOT AS BAD AS YOUR MANNERS

AS a result of this telegraphic tit for tat, the Lady and the St. Bernard subsequently became the best of friends. It is significant, however, as emphasizing the remarkable resemblance between the characters of mother and son, that Winston's notable lack of awe has been known to extend to the same awesome author.

"Once in the days when mahjong was the rage," states one observer, "he attended a performance of Shaw's St. Joan, in which Dame Sybil Thorndike said 'West wind, west wind, west wind.' The Right Honorable Winston Churchill, sitting in the front row, exploded 'Pong!'"

Not many notables were rash enough to decline invitations from Lady Randolph Churchill. The guest list at one important dinner included the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterward King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Depew, Lord Rosebery, and Henry James. The great Joseph Chamberlain, father of Austen and Neville, also came often to her house, although he was considered "very dangerous," her father-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, describing him as "a man who was a socialist, or not far from one."

"Dizzy," Lord Beaconsfield, her husband's political mentor and friend, was among her favorites, and she among his. After one of their dinner-table conversations, which they had conducted with heads together and to the exclusion of other guests, one of the latter — feminine gender — remarked icily to Jennie:

"What office have you got for Randolph?"

And yet it was in her house-to-house canvassing among her husband's more humble constituents that the "Yankee lady" with the great glowing almond-shaped eyes got in her most effective work. Sometimes, of course, she ran her beautiful head against the stone wall of political prejudice, as in an attempt to elect her husband in Birmingham, stronghold of the embattled Chamberlains, where the keeper of a local pub was in his cellar among the kegs and vats when she called, and refused to come up to take a look.

"But it's Lady Churchill as wants to see you!" shouted his spouse through the trap door.

"And is it, now?" he replied. "Well, tell Mrs. Churchill to go to ——."

Usually, however, Lady Randolph found that a softly whispered "Please vote for my husband—I'll be so unhappy if he doesn't get in," was worth hours of oratory in the village square.

Not only did she have the gift later exhibited by her son Winston for political campaigning and political maneuvering but, like him, she enjoyed these pastimes to the hilt. "Revelling in the hustle and bustle of the committee room, marshalling our forces, and hearing the hourly reports of how the campaign was progressing, I felt," she later confessed, "like a general holding a council-of-war with his staff in the heat of battle."

In all, she played an active part in nine campaigns. Criticisms of herself she did not mind, and in the end she learned to accept without a quiver the cruel attacks on her beloved husband. After an especially abusive "leader" in the Times, she was approached by Mr. Buckle, at that time editor, and socially though not politically a friend of the Churchill family, with a query as to whether she was angry.

"Angry?" she retorted. "Not a bit. I have ten volumes of press clippings about Randolph, all abusive. This will only be added to them."

HOW valuable was her counsel and influence—especially after Lord Randolph Churchill's death—to the young Winston, launching his political career, the present Prime Minister has himself testified.

"My mother was always at hand to help and advise," he writes in his book, A Roving Commission, "but she never sought to exercise parental control. Indeed, she soon became an ardent ally, furthering my plans and guarding my interests with all her influence and boundless energy. She was still at forty young, beautiful, fascinating. We worked together on even terms, more like brother and sister than mother and son. At least, so it seemed to me. And so it continued to the end."

Fortunately the end did not come to this happy relationship until Lady Randolph's death in the year 1921.

Her husband had died in 1895, while still in his middle forties. The last decade of his life had been a politically and physically unhappy one. Having reached his peak as leader of the House of Commons in 1885, he unexpectedly resigned after a dispute with the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, over matters of policy.

The act, an impulsive one, which even Winston admits was unfortunate, seems to have caused or at least hastened his physical decline. Perhaps a stronger man would have stuck to his post and fought for his principles on the floor of the House. Whether his wife shared that view, no one will ever know, for she remained unswervingly loyal; but she did say on one occasion:

"I remember hearing Lord Salisbury say that a man who couldn't be vindictive was not a strong man. I often quoted this without effect to Randolph."

His son wrote what was probably the most fitting epitaph for Randolph Henry Churchill, a loving epitaph for a lovable and greatly loved man:

"He never sat down to play a cold, calculated game. He said what he thought. It was better so."

Lady Randolph continued her individual participation in British politics after his death. Four years after it we find her editing the Anglo-Saxon Review; which had so many distinguished contributors that E. V. Lucas, the well known English author, paid it tribute in verse:

Have you heard of the wonderful magazine
Lady Randolph is to edit with help from the Queen?
It's a guinea a number, too little by half,
For the crowned heads of Europe are all on the staff.

During the Boer War, when "our boy Winston" was making himself a popular idol, although present strictly as a noncombatant war correspondent, by taking command of a military attack and getting himself captured by the Boers as a prisoner of war, the American-born Lady Randolph headed a committee to finance—and subsequently sailed to the scene of hostilities with—what was called "the American hospital ship Maine."

In the sixth year of King George V's reign, we find this indefatigable woman, as Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, C. I., R. R. C.—some time after Lord Randolph's death she had married the youthful London social favorite, Major George F. M. Cornwallis-West, who subsequently married the late Mrs. Patrick Campbell—presiding over a Shakespearean festival for some worthy charity.

She lived to see her beloved son Winston carve out for himself an unforgettable name in the successful conduct of the first World War.

PERHAPS, even without Jennie Jerome behind him, gentle Lord Randolph might have risen to be Secretary of State for India and Chancellor of the Exchequer and parliamentary leader in the House of Commons. *With* her, nothing could stop him!

Perhaps without her their boy Winston might have developed from a dunderhead schoolboy into one of the most widely read and truly cultured men in public life, from a careless polo-playing cavalry blade to the man who carries on his broad shoulders the burdens of an empire in danger. Perhaps—but those who knew Lady Randolph Churchill and who know Winston Churchill best do not think so.

During all those first years following his father's death, he never made an important speech in the House of Commons without the encouraging knowledge that his handsome mother was sitting in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery, following his every

word as if it were her own. "Next to speaking in public oneself," she once said, "there is nothing which produces such feelings of nervousness and apprehension as to hear one's husband or son doing so."

Space does not permit the recording of all the marks which this extraordinary American woman left on Britain's foremost statesman—personal marks, so unmistakably Yankeefied, like his jauntiness of carriage, his audacious mental swashbuckling, his inspired opportunism, his irrepressible imagination, his love of the colorful, the sparkling, the unexpected, and the dramatic, his prodigious versatility, his combativeness, his incomparable ability to cut straight through to the point of a thing, and to go forward lustily, undismayed by criticism, until he has finished the job.

One culminating quality which Jennie Jerome's American blood undoubtedly contributed was a deciding factor in enabling her son to maintain that independence of position which has been his strongest asset.

The Jeromes were people who worked for a living. Winston Churchill has worked for a living, too—and has earned a good one throughout his long career.

"My father and mother," he explains, "had always been able to live near the center and summit of the London world and, on a modest scale, to have the best of everything. But they had never been at all rich; still less had they been able to save. On the contrary, debts and encumbrances had accumulated steadily."

Fortunately a wealthy political admirer of Lord Randolph had put him in on a South African promotion, the shares of which subsequently became sufficiently valuable to pay off his debts after his death, but they left no balance for his widow or children. Lady Randolph still had her marriage settlement from her American father intact, and this sum, although not large, was sufficient to support her in suitable ease and comfort, but obviously not large enough to support a polo-playing cavalry-officer son whose mode of life and daily association with the sons of the rich and great were causing him to pile up deficits. To all this, a sobered and awakened Winston Churchill gave careful thought.

"I was most anxious not to be a burden upon my mother in any way," he has said. "I therefore planned . . . to leave the army, to relieve my mother from paying my allowance, to write my new book and the letters to the Pioneer, and to look out for a chance of entering Parliament. These plans were in the main carried out."

To the average hard-working American this action on his part may seem nothing out of the ordinary. But in Europe, even in England, the younger sons of great houses seldom take any such view of life. They go on accumulating debts, as Lord Randolph did; or they live out idle years on allowances furnished them by indulgent relatives or admirers—or, in many cases, they marry rich wives

Winston Churchill did none of these things. He wrote industriously for the papers—at first for the smallest sums; he became a war correspondent; he wrote books—his While England Slept, besides being the ablest of all indictments of the Baldwin-Chamberlain do-nothing policy, was a best seller on both sides of the Atlantic; and, in spite of his official duties and preoccupations, he managed to earn an income which sometimes reached as high a mark as $100,000 a year.

Moreover, he married Miss Clementine Hozier, a beautiful and charming woman with whom he has lived an ideal family life; but Miss Hozier brought him only herself, just as the average American bride does.

This was the performance of a typical American, carried through to typical American success—and it is a performance of which Winston Churchill is frankly, boyishly proud.

"During all these twenty years I maintained myself, and later on my family, without ever lacking anything necessary to health or enjoyment," he relates. "I commend my example to my son, indeed to all my children."

Perhaps we Americans who read these lines may be permitted to add an American commendation of this praiseworthy achievement on the part of a British aristocrat who was also the son of an American mother who had sprung from a long line of democratic Americans!

THE END

VOTES FOR LOVE

BY WINSTON NORMAN

xtra!—The sparkling story of hat one small blonde almost id to a Presidential convention

"Is everybody primed? Everybody know what we're going to do?"

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HOPE the next President of the United States don't ever learn the truth. If he found out I jeopardized his career with a blonde named Suzanne, a little girl with blue eyes and too much sex appeal for a National Convention, he would just pass a word to the boys and they would laugh me out of politics.

Suzanne was one of those accidents that might happen to even the best state machine. I had personally hand-picked our slate for Presidential primary. We rate forty-four delegates to the National Convention. I picked about twenty of the boys that knew their way around in the party, and sprinkled in some youth movements and old-age people, also the fat clubwoman type like Mrs. Humphrey Gates, and everybody knew which side their bread was buttered on. It was a fine group, the kind you could put through primary without any trouble, keep them fairly sober at the convention, and deliver them on whatever ballot we decided the Boss should get nominated for President on.

But just before primary Sam King backed down on me. Sam handles all of the highway jobs which amount to anything in our state, and his split on the patronage is always fair and square. We've been pals at every convention since 1912. Sam is a good poker hand and a great storyteller when the drinks start passing around, besides being the biggest power in the state, with the possible exception of me.

Sam came in my office with a very sweet young girl, and he said, "Charlie, I want you to meet my little Suzanne."

Suzanne was little, but just looking at her softened my arteries. She had those blue eyes which I already mentioned, and the way she dressed and carried herself real straight on her neat little legs, she made me wish I was a young fellow working my way up in state politics again.

"Suzanne is my only son and daughter, and I'm proud of her," said Sam King.

"You've got a right to be proud," I told him. "I certainly am glad to meet you, Miss King. I never suspected your dad was hiding such a pretty daughter on me."

"Thank you, Mr. Callahan," she said, smiling.

"Charlie," said Sam. "Bad news. You'll have to take me off the slate. I'm going to skip this convention."

"Oh, now, Sam," I protested, "you can't do that! It wouldn't be a convention without you."

"Well," he admitted, "I hate to, but my doctor says I can't stand the noise and cigar smoke. My heart's been kind of fluttery. Besides, I want to keep my finger on this new Number Seven Highway project. You can handle the federal end of it. I'll be right here listening on the radio when we stampede the country, so just scratch me off the slate and put in Suzanne."

"Just do what?" I said, surprised.

"Put in Suzanne. She's old enough. I'd like her to see the way the country operates, and she's pestering me for a trip."

Suzanne looked at me with her big eyes and said, "You can do it, can't you, Mr. Callahan?"

"Listen," I said. "Ask me anything else. I wouldn't mind if it wasn't a friend's daughter, but you know as well as I do, Sam, with the ex-gangsters in a couple of those state delegations and the kind of ward heelers you can't keep out, it's no place for a nice girl like your daughter."

"Don't worry about me," said Suzanne. "I can take care of myself." And she looked like she could.

"Maybe so," I objected; "but what about the rest of my delegation? When they saw you, Miss King, they might forget what they come for."

"Charlie, you're losing your grip," laughed Sam. "My daughter's safe anywhere. Besides that, Mrs. Humphrey Gates'll be on the delegation. She can take care of her."

"Sure," I said—"except the old windbag is making our favorite-son nomination. She'll be flighty as a she-goat all week, and no fit guardian."

Sam just laughed and said, "Run along, dear. Order your dad a Manhattan downstairs. I'll be there in a minute."

Suzanne went tripping out, and I remember those legs.

"Now," Sam went on, getting serious, "you still want to go to the United States Senate, don't you?"

"I don't, but my wife wants me to. She thinks she could fight that social life in Washington."

"All right," said Sam. "You know you can't do it without me. And confidentially, Charlie, I want to get Suzanne out of here, because I'm worried. She's got to the susceptible age. She fell for a boy awhile ago, the penny-ante kind I don't want my daughter mixed up with. I broke her of that one all right, but before she gets in trouble again I want her to grow up. Get a wider horizon. See people that count. You know what I mean."

PEOPLE she'll see at a convention," I told him, "can't usually count up beyond ten. Now, I'm not reflecting on your daughter's moral training, Sam, because I know she's a hundred per cent. But you know conventions. I'll be busy. Having a decent girl to worry about would take my mind off of national affairs."

"What of it?" said Sam. "The Boss is in the bag for nomination. Suzanne'll help keep you sober, Charlie. There's never been any 'no' between you and me, boy. Just fix it up."

"All right," I said doubtfully, "but don't say I didn't warn you." Then I had a thought. "One thing's sure, Sam. Texas can bring all the sweet cowgirls they've got, and New York can supply some snappy models, and so on all over the country; but with that little daughter of yours we'll have the prettiest girl at the convention."

We did. We hadn't hardly got located in our hotel and the convention mob begun milling around, when the press got hold of Suzanne. They took photos of her wearing badges. They took her picture sitting among the microphones on the chairman's rostrum, while the Convention Hall was still getting draped with U. S. flags. They ran photos of Suzanne with the tallest delegate, the fattest delegate, and the oldest delegate. They called her Miss National Convention. She was a hit, and I must say she kept her

poise very nicely. I sent a wire to Sam King, out back home, that we were mighty proud of her.

"Now, remember, Suzanne," I told her. "I'm depending on you. Don't let that It-girl stuff turn your head, and watch out for slick delegates."

She just smiled. "You run along, Uncle Charlie, and smoke up some more hotel rooms, and I'll handle my own delegates."

She had plenty of them to handle, because male delegates from other states got in the habit of dropping in at our headquarters for a look at Suzanne, till I wasn't sure if I was running my own state or the whole country.

It was annoying. Just as I predicted, about half of my delegation fell for Suzanne, which made our other female delegates pretty mad. Some of them were the long-haired youth-movement kind, and the rest were as fat as Mrs. Humphrey Gates or worse, and you wouldn't have looked at them twice in a convention stampede. I would never use lady delegates if I could help it, except the theory is they bring you more women votes in November.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," I told my delegation, when we were all checked in and feeling happy, "you know what we're here for. We're backing Senator Ed, in accordance with the preferential vote of the folks back home, until I tell you what to do next, so you won't be bothered much with business. Just get around and relax. But let's watch our liquor and cutting up, because we want a decent dignified state delegation."

Right there I saw Suzanne yawning with her pretty teeth. She didn't seem interested in politics, so I added for her benefit, "I want all forty-four of us sitting there as much as possible on the convention floor. Especially for the keynote speech, and later on for the balloting. The platform is taken care of, as you know. Any questions?"

"WHAT seats do we sit in?" somebody asked me, and I knew why. About twenty men were expecting to sit beside Suzanne. It couldn't be done.

"We're just in back of New Jersey, and in front of Oklahoma, on the main aisle," I told him. "Sit anywhere you want to in our section, except I'm on the aisle at our microphone, and Miss King will sit beside me."

"What should the ladies wear for the first session?" one of our ladies asked me.

"You'd better consult Mrs. Humphrey Gates on that," I said. "She's an old veteran. Personally, you want to look as nice as you can for the honor of the state, but I would make your clothes light and tough. It will be hotter'n the hinges at this convention, as usual, and you ladies are in for some scrimmages on the floor. You will get your feet stepped on when we parade around."

"Every stitch I had was ruined at the last convention four years ago," said Mrs. Gates, still mad about it.

"Oh," said Suzanne, looking worried. "Do we have to go to the sessions?" She had some nice new clothes with cute hats.

"You do, Miss King," I said firmly. "I know it gets pretty sweaty and smoky in there, but remember that you're representing a sovereign state, and this is the greatest moment in the history of this nation. I advise you to go easy on your voices. Don't yell too much in the nomination stampedes, or we will all be hoarse when the big stampede breaks loose. We want to sound our best on the radio. A hundred and thirty million citizens will be listening in. Noisemakers, such as horns and rattles, will be provided free, and also plenty of loud band music, so save your voices."

LATER I began to wish the ladies' clothing question had never arisen in caucus. The first two days' sessions Suzanne turned up missing, and I thought it was her new clothes she didn't want ruined. But after four days and she was still missing, I wondered. She had missed the keynote speech, report of Rules Committee, and so on, not to mention all the nominating speeches for President, including Mrs. Humphrey Gates', who put up Senator Ed, our own stalking-horse. I was worried.

I asked one of our other lady delegates about Suzanne.

"Where do you think Miss King has been disappearing to?"

"Well," she said in a very catty voice, "I really couldn't say, Mr. Callahan, but I have my own ideas. Mrs. Gates was passing the cocktail lounge, and she saw her very much absorbed with a young man."

"Not that Texas boy with the ten-gallon hat that was around headquarters?" I said.

"No," she said. "He was smoother than that."

"You don't think it could be one of those delegates from New York? They sit only two states away from us."

She smirked at me and said, "If I were you, Mr. Callahan, I'd ask a room clerk."

Right there I forgot the future of the United States and everything that was depending on me and my key delegation. I fought my way through the milling mob in the lobby, and I had a funny feeling in my heart, like the one that kept poor old Sam King home. Suzanne was like my own daughter to me by now, and I hated to ask questions at the desk.

Sure enough, Suzanne had checked out, and there was a Revolving Pension man in the room where she used to be.

I got scared and decided to phone to Sam King long-distance. Then I thought I'd better not. If what it looked like wasn't true, it would be a slur on a little girl that was mighty dear to us. If it was true, it was too late anyhow, and either way, Sam's heart might not hold up under such a shock.

I thought a minute, and then I knew how to handle it. I asked the local boss to put detectives on it sub rosa, because you couldn't help finding a girl as pretty as Suzanne if she was still in town, even in a town that big.

A plain-clothes detail picked her up all right, along with a boy friend, just after the National Convention had recessed in a riot. We had finished the state roll call on first ballot, and all the favorite sons, such as this dope Senator Ed of ours, had got their little batches of courtesy votes. We were now ready to eliminate the riff-raff and start things rolling for nomination of the Boss. Not on too early a ballot, of course, or it might look intentional.

I was sitting in caucus with two National Committeemen, planning strategy for second ballot, when they brought Suzanne in. She stood there beside this boy they had found her with, and she did not seem the least bit ashamed of herself.

"Excuse me, boys," I said to the committeemen. "Suzanne, I want to have a serious talk with you."

Her boy friend scowled at me, and his face begun to seem familiar. I thought a minute, and then I remembered him. He was a good-looking youngster from back home who used to work in the city attorney's office. His name was Dave Barclay.

HOW did you get here to this convention?" I said to him.

"Dave flew," Suzanne said.

"What's he here for?"

"To see me," she said, without any shame at all.

"Where have you two been?"

"None of your business," the Barclay boy told me.

That was no way to have things going, with part of the National Committee sitting there. I begun to feel odd, because I remembered things better when I looked at this Barclay boy. He had that crusading look they wear sometimes when the paint is still fresh on their law diplomas, and he had accidentally uncovered a little something on road patronage that got him in Sam King's hair. So the word went around among the boys back home, and young Barclay suddenly went out of the city attorney's office.

"Suzanne," I went on, "your father was depending on me. If you really want to know, he sent you here in my care because you got mixed up with a boy back home, and he thought you ought to lift your sights and widen your horizon."

"This is the same one," she said.

"The same what?" I said.

"The same boy."

"Hell!" I said. "Sam should have certainly told me." I wondered about that little business again, and how much this Barclay boy getting the sack was due to his reform urge and how much to Suzanne's father not approving of him with his daughter.

"Young man," I said, "Suzanne's father don't approve of you."

"It's mutual," he said, putting his arm around Suzanne. "I don't ap-

prove of her father, and I approve even less of you, Callahan."

That was a fine situation, with National Committeemen there. "Now, wait a minute," I begun.

"I'm pretty ignorant about your state machine," he went on, "except I know you run it. I have a hunch you had something to do with my losing my job, and with the disbarment proceedings they were going to bring against me."

"Me?" I said. "I don't know anything about law. I'm just a simple contractor."

"You're a contractor, but you're not as simple as you look, Callahan," said this boy, as impudent as you please; "and I also know that Suzanne's father is a crony of yours. Everything almost ties up. If I could just add two and two and be sure of the total, I'd take those teeth of yours and push them down your throat."

"Don't get impertinent," I objected. "Remember who you're talking to. This is a National Convention. I didn't have anything to do with it, but I'll give you some advice, young fellow. Take it easy in life. You wouldn't be in the fix you are now if you hadn't messed in the road-patronage system. You can't run a country without some little hope of reward for faithful public service. It's sabotage. In Russia you would be hung for it."

"This isn't Russia," he said, "and I still think I'm going to push those teeth down your throat."

"Please, Dave," Suzanne said, "don't be rough. Let me handle this."

"Young man," I said, as dignified as possible, "I have long since passed the age of using anything but store teeth, and physical threats mean nothing to me. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll be reasonable. I won't tell Suzanne's father. Now, Suzanne, you get down on that convention floor and get ready for second ballot."

"Listen, Charlie," one of the National Committee boys complained. "Can't you settle that later? We've got business."

"Sure," I said, and I was glad of the interruption. Suzanne's boy friend was too much for me. "Where were we?"

"We were just making sure we understand the layout. You're uninstructed, aren't you?"

"In a manner of speaking," I said, "except the preferential vote was for Senator Ed, and out of courtesy we should give him a couple of ballots."

"Never mind that," he said. "We've changed the plan. To keep things from getting too long and boring the radio audience, we start softening up our delegations on second ballot. When your state comes up on roll call, you flop your delegation right over to the Boss. Forty-four votes. Bang! As unexpected as that."

"Fine," I said. "Then what happens?"

"We start the riot by letting off five thousand toy balloons. We grab our state standards and begin the serpentine. We'll choke it off at the end of exactly three hours. Those dragged-out demonstrations, for six or seven hours, sound terrible on the air. People get tired of it back home and tune us off."

"Can we go now, Mr. Callahan?" Suzanne said behind me.

"Huh?" I said. "No, wait. You're going down there with me. You don't get away this time, young lady."

The two committee boys got up and we shook hands all around. "Charlie," says one of them, "this is a great moment. You have the honor of being selected as the man that sets the fuse. With your state so early in the alphabet, we can stampede plenty more states on the same ballot. Just wait till we hit the big N's, O's, and P's. New York. Ohio. Pennsylvania."

"Supposing the Boss accidentally got his majority on second ballot?" I said. "It would look bad, wouldn't it?"

"Don't worry," he assured me. "We've counted. He won't get quite five hundred. But on the third ballot it's a landslide. A hundred and thirty million citizens listening in, and there won't be the slightest doubt in any thinking mind about the man we need next November."

I reminded them there was a little thing my wife wanted me to have. They laughed jovially and slapped me on the back. "Don't worry, Senator Callahan. We'll be calling you that soon enough. See you in Washington, if we don't see you sooner."

I felt all set up. I took Suzanne by the arm, and I said to her and her boy friend, "On account of your father's health and other reasons, I am still in the mood to be reasonable. Your dad will never know what's been going on, if anything has."

"Thank you, Uncle Charlie," said Suzanne, and I felt a glow. "Could Dave see the convention?"

"No tickets," I said. "You hang around somewhere, young fellow. I haven't finished talking with you."

"All right, Mr. Callahan," he said. "I'll be you know where, Suzanne. There's a radio in the room, anyhow." His tone had changed, and you could see that the respect these National Committeemen of our party had treated me with had put him more in his place.

I went to the Convention Hall with Suzanne, and when we wormed our way down the main aisle, pushing through that babble of delegates, it made me feel jumpy in my heart, like Sam King, to think anything might have happened to such a sweet little girl as Suzanne.

We took our seats in our own delegation, with me behind the little microphone. The place was jammed with a thousand delegates on the floor. There were senators, National Committeemen, and famous names a dime a dozen up there on the platform. A big press section just below clicking away the news. I took a happy breath and looked around at the state standards—New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, California, Florida, and so on as far as you could see—all waiting to be lifted up and paraded around for three hours when our riot begun. There was a crowd of twelve thousand spectators packed in the gallery.

"Look, Suzanne," I said. "It gives you a thrill. This is the moment every four years the country waits for."

"Yes, it is exciting," she said. "Wish I had been here before."

THE chairman started rapping with his gavel. It was time for roll call on second ballot, and that mob of thirteen thousand people begun to get less noisy.

"Pass it down the line," I whispered to Suzanne. "Everybody keep it quiet till the moment comes. We go for the Boss on this ballot."

I started memorizing what I would say when our state name rang out on the loud-speakers. I decided not to just shout the usual words, "Forty-four votes for the Boss," but instead I would give it more build-up. *Fellow Americans: With forty-four delegates standing solid behind me, I give you the man who can lead us to victory in November, the man who this nation needs. I give you that great statesman and sterling American, our beloved Boss!* What a riot that would start!

"Is everybody all primed?" I whispered. "Everybody know what we're going to do?"

"Yes," Suzanne whispered, "except me. I'm going to vote for Senator Ed."

I chuckled. "What a thrill we'll give 'em, Suzanne," I told her. "Think of the millions of people that are tuning in. It's too bad they won't all be here to see those five thousand balloons float up in the air."

"I'm going to vote for Senator Ed," Suzanne repeated.

I turned to have a better look at her. She didn't look like she was fooling. "You just let me handle this," I told her. "That Senator Ed stuff was all right back home, but it wasn't binding. We've been set for the Boss all along."

"Yes, I know. Dad told me. But I still think Senator Ed's a very nice candidate."

"Oh, tut," I said. "And, anyway,

WINSTON NORMAN

California-born descendant of Patrick Henry, and a graduate of Stanford University, has been a hobo harvester, a section hand, a political columnist, and has survived a dozen revolutions during three years spent in South America.

we're going by the unit rule in this delegation. That means we think and vote unanimously."

"You do, Uncle Charlie, but I don't," said Suzanne.

"And what's more," I added, "when the chairman of a delegation like me picks up his microphone and says what the vote is, that's what it is."

"Unless somebody in the delegation objects," Suzanne said.

I felt that floppy feeling in my heart again. "Young lady," I told her, "in a few minutes I'm going to get up and deliver forty-four votes to the Boss, the man this country needs. Then I'll deal with you later, and we'll see what your father has to say."

"If you touch that microphone, Uncle Charlie, I'll start shouting right with you. I'll challenge the vote, because I came here to vote for Senator Ed."

I could feel myself sweating, because when I looked in Suzanne's large blue eyes I could see she was certainly not fooling. I mumbled something about "Don't play jokes," but my heart kept flopping, because when there's a challenge on the floor, they have to stop and poll the whole state delegation, individually, on just who each one wants. Imagine a reflection on my integrity like that! No matter how the individual poll turned out, that would take all the sting out of our unexpected flopover, and it would let the air out of the biggest stampede this nation ever listened to, like a flat tire.

"I wish your father was here. He'd spank you," I said.

"I wish he was, too," said Suzanne, "because I've got a few things to settle with my father. I think the Boss is just as nice as Senator Ed, but dad wants him for President, and I don't see why I should do anything to please my father after the way he treated Dave."

"Look here," I whispered. "If you'll just be reasonable now, Suzanne, at a moment in the nation's history like this is, I promise I'll fix it up with your dad later. Anything you want. Anything!"

Roll call was about to start.

"You'd better fix it now," she said. "I trust you, Uncle Charlie, and I trust dad, too, but when you and he get together you do the funniest things. Let's telephone him."

I opened my mouth to laugh at such a suggestion; but something in Suzanne's innocent expression just made me arise out of my seat automatically, and I started out of the Convention Hall, dragging her along by the elbow. "Hold everything!" I told my delegation. "I'll be back in a minute."

We didn't have any time to spare. In a moment they would begin with the A's. "Alabama! Twenty-two votes!" and we weren't very far down from the A's.

I FOUGHT my way out of there, pulling Suzanne. There were pay phones in the outside corridors of the place, but you can't drop eight dollars' worth of nickels into a pay phone in a hurry. The long-distance booth with an operator, which the phone company had set up for convenience of everybody, was way down around the other end. It seemed like a mile, running. A man in my work doesn't keep in shape for running.

I fished out some greenbacks and gave the call to the operator. It seemed like a week till we got it through. Then I heard Sam King's voice, very surprised. "Why, hello, Charlie! Say, it's coming in fine. Boy, I'm sorry to miss this convention! When do they throw it to the Boss?"

"This ballot!" I shouted. "The ballot beginning right now. Except, for the love of heaven, Sam, I've got your daughter here, and she's disobeyed me. She won't vote for the Boss."

"What!" Sam sputtered on the wire. "You put her on the line."

I did, and you never heard anything as sweet and calm as Suzanne. "Hello, dad. . . . Yes, I am. . . . No, I won't. . . . Why? Well, for one thing, Dave Barclay flew back here to see me . . ."

The line squawked suddenly, and I knew profanity like that was bad for Sam King's valve condition. I had the same thing, because I thought I could almost hear the loud-speakers out in the Convention Hall roaring, "Arkansas, eighteen votes!"

"Hurry up, Suzanne, for the love of heaven!" I pleaded.

". . . But if he got his job back," Suzanne was saying in the phone, "and you didn't object to him any more, and if we could get married, and you give me your solemn promise, and Uncle Charlie's too, I might think about it . . ."

I pushed her away from there and shouted, "For heaven's sake, Sam, what does the radio say?"

"Alabama!" he shouted back. "Roll call has begun. You big fool, you're supposed to be on the floor."

"I know it, you big fool!" I shouted. "Tell her yes quick. Promise her anything!" I handed the receiver back to Suzanne.

After a moment she said, "Oh, dad, that's awfully nice of you . . ."

I grabbed the receiver and hung it up. I seized Suzanne and we started running back around that mile of corridor. We fought through the standing-room mob and the police and guards, but when we came into the center aisle I heard our state name blaring out over the loud-speakers, and I nearly died of heart failure right there.

AS we fought down the jammed aisle, they yelled our state again. One of my delegates coughed a little into our state microphone and said, "You'll have to excuse us, Mr. Chairman. Our chairman stepped out for just a moment."

The crowd roared with laughter.

My breath was coming very short and I felt giddy. Now I knew how Sam King's poor old pump really felt. All the whisky and cigars came back on me in a bunch, and I didn't ever think I would make it. There was an awful silence in that big place, and when I stumbled the last few steps and grabbed at the back of my seat, Suzanne saw the shape I was in. I could never make that speech I memorized. So Suzanne took the microphone in her hand and she sang out in a sweet voice, "We're all unanimous. Forty-four votes for the Boss!"

They tell me it was a wonderful demonstration, but I fell into my seat just when it begun, and I lay back there half dead. My eyes blurred, and I thought it was spots before them until I saw it was the balloons going up in the air. Somebody blew a horn just behind my ear. The lid went off of the National Convention. I sat there, and I could feel crazy delegates trampling on my ankles as they fought their way into that now famous serpentine which put our beloved Boss in the bag.

But what I wonder, in that biggest moment of party history, is whether the connection to my seat was still hooked up and if the next President of the United States heard it when Suzanne leaned into the little microphone again and shouted, "Dave darling, will you start packing our bags? We can go on our honeymoon now."

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

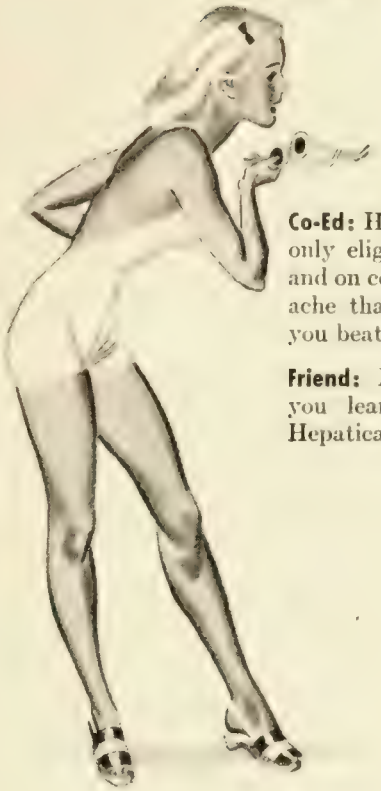
by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ A LION IN THE GARDEN

by G. B. Stern. The Macmillan Company.

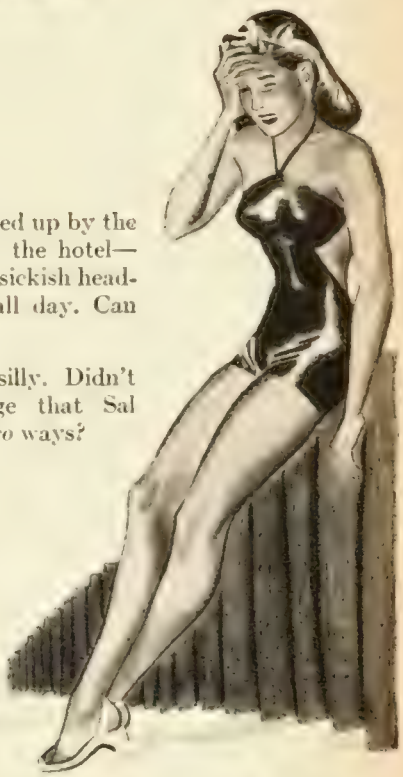
A witty and penetrating study of an English household demoralized by the anticipation of a disturbing guest who never arrives. Shrewd observation is mingled with the tonic mockery of the anticlimax.

Co-ed learns lesson at beach



Co-Ed: Here I am dated up by the only eligible male in the hotel—and on comes a logy, sickish headache that will last all day. Can you beat it?

Friend: It needn't, silly. Didn't you learn at college that Sal Hepatica acts fast, *two* ways?



Co-Ed: Two ways? Fast?

Friend: First, Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity—turns a sour stomach sweet again.

LATER THAT MORNING

Co-Ed: Right you were! My head's clearer, and I feel much better already—thanks to you.

Friend: Thanks to Sal Hepatica, I'd say. But here comes your Date, so I'll scram.

SAL HEPATICA

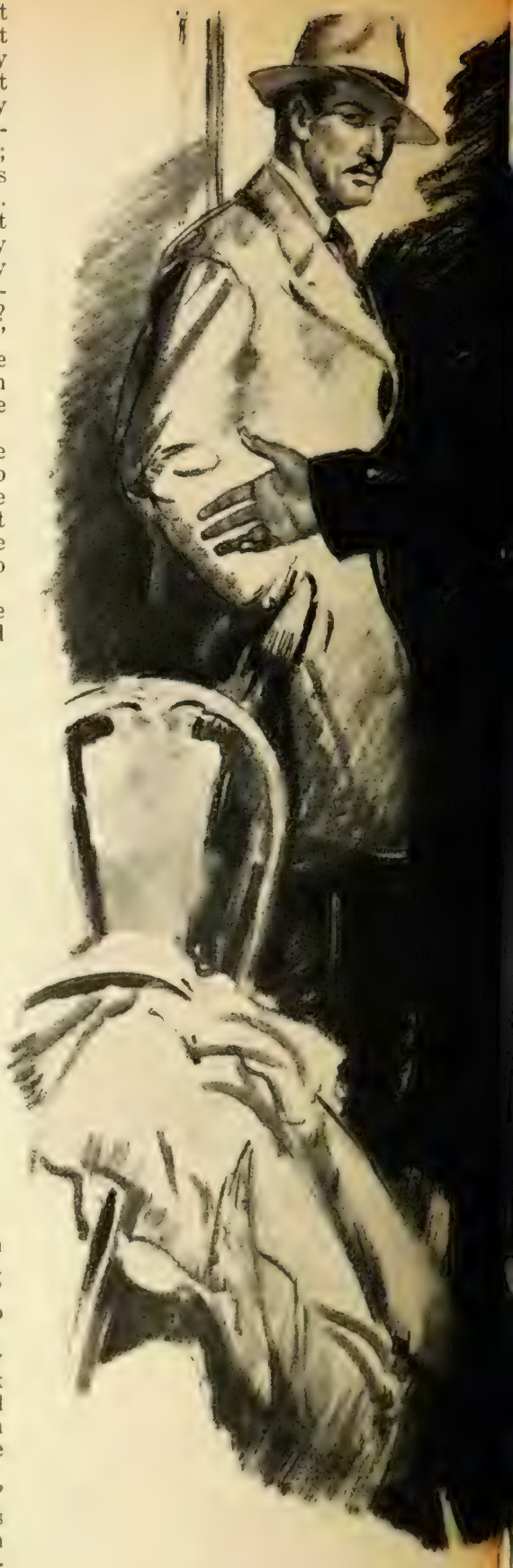
for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! *Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.*

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MONEY talks

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



Swiftly, storm breaks in a brilliant, exciting novel of two hearts buffeted by Fate

DEE MASON leaves her family on Cape Cod and comes to New York to try to get a job on a church radio program. At a coffee shop in Radio City she meets Walter Bassett, a rich young man who spent some of his summers at the Cape and whom she knew when she was six and he was sixteen. Walter takes her to his schooner, which is anchored in the Hudson River, and Dee is enchanted with the ship. Their tête-à-tête—during which Dee realizes that she is falling in love with Walter—is interrupted by the arrival of his beautiful and eccentric wife, Eloise, and a party of her friends. Eloise, although she makes Walter's life miserable and has often threatened to divorce him, is jealous of his attentions to Dee and, half jokingly and half maliciously, calls her his "childhood sweetheart."

During the evening, in order to attract attention to herself, Eloise jumps from the mast into the river. She is an expert diver and swimmer and comes to no harm, but the next day stories appear in the papers—inspired by a gossip writer who is a friend of Eloise—hinting that Walter Bassett's wife tried to commit suicide because of Dee Mason. Because of the scandal, Dee does not get the job she needs so badly. But she does get another one—singing at the Front Page, a night club owned by Maxie Meyer, who exploits people who have made sensational headlines.

Dee believes she has been hired for her voice, until Chub Davis, a radio talent scout and a good friend of Walter Bassett, comes to her dressing room and tells her:

"No matter what you're after—no matter what they're paying you—you can't do this to Walter!"

PART SIX—DEE MAKES A DECISION

"DO WHAT to Walter?" Dee asked in amazement.

Chub smacked his forehead with the palm of one plump hand. He groaned. "Look! You can't play the innocent dove any longer and get away with it! Don't make big bright eyes at me. I look soft, but I'm really hard as nails—particularly when it comes to seeing any one make hey-hey under the sunshine of Bassett publicity! . . . You've hurt him badly; he thought you were different. He's more upset than I have ever seen him. Now, I'll be quick and as nice about this as possible—although I must say I'm plenty disappointed and plenty burned up. How much are you getting for this cheap performance? And how much will you take to stop?"

"I"—unbelief and fury, also the inception of a horrible doubt, rose in Dee—"I don't understand!" she gasped.

Chub shook his head sadly. He tried not to look at her. She was so damn pretty and pure-looking. "Alice in Wonderland!" he murmured. "But I don't believe it! Nobody could live and be as innocent as you'd like me to think—"

At that minute Maxie Meyer came briskly in, stopped with a jerk, glared at Chub. Glints of angry suspicion flashed in his black button eyes. "Hullo, Davis. What are you up to? Miss Mason is tired. She's got to rest for the midnight show."

Chub shook his head. His fuzzy hair and round glasses made him look like a perturbed owl. "No," said Chub grimly. "As far as Miss Mason is concerned, there isn't going to be any midnight show."

"Why not, I'd like to know?" Meyer demanded. "Miss Mason is over eighteen and is here of her own accord. Besides, she and I have a contract."

Chub shrugged. "Scrap of paper! War treaty! You didn't really think you and Miss Mason could get away with a rum go like this, did you, Meyer? You've skated on thin ice before; but this time it's cracking."

Dee stared first at one man, then at the other in angry bewilderment. "I don't know what you mean!" she half sobbed to Chub. "If it has anything to do with that awful news

He tossed her a newspaper. "This bit of free publicity will delight you, I'm sure. Read it."

paper story, that wasn't my fault! It—"

"There, there," Maxie said soothingly. "Don't upset yourself. There's nothing wrong in this. I'll show Davis here our contract and send him on his trouble-making way."

Chub shrugged again. "I'll make as little trouble as possible for all concerned, I assure you. Much less than Bassett lawyers'll make—if I fail."

He turned to Dee. "I'll talk to Meyer first, outside, and have a look at that contract. Then I'll come back and explain a few far-from-homely truths to you." He looked at her for a minute as though he wanted to be sorry for her, as though the childish droop of her bright head, the crushed, unbelieving look in her lovely eyes stabbed him. But he stiffened. Abruptly he tossed her a newspaper—which had been bulging out of one of his naturally bulged overcoat pockets.

"Just in case you haven't seen the latest editions, this bit of plentiful free publicity will delight you, I'm sure! Read it—and then ask yourself how any one can believe that you're not doing with Walter's name what plenty of others have tried to do!"

He tore his thick-lensed glance away from her, sighed disgustedly, then gave Meyer a slight push toward the door. "Let's get it over with!" he said. And to Dee he called, over his big shoulder, "You'd better get dressed, because, I promise you, as far as you're concerned there's going to be no more show."

Dee stood frozen for a moment, staring at the closed door. It was as if the world about her had reared up and then had begun sliding in on her like a waterspout. She felt as if she were shooting down into a maelstrom. The whirling dressing room had become suddenly stuffy, unbearable; the rain beating against the windowpane seemed to be beating against her brain.

MEANWHILE the same rain that was washing the one dirty window of Dee's dressing room at the Front Page was lashing the tall French windows of Walter Bassett's superbly modern East River apartment. It flooded the squat wooden tubs of box trees out on the balcony; it rattled against the gleaming iron porch furniture. An occasional gust of it shot through the narrow space where one living-room window had been opened. It spattered the billowing oyster-white chiffon draperies inside. The furniture in the room was part crystal and chromium, part leather of a canary shade chosen by Eloise because it matched her hair.

This room was good of its kind, and smart. But it was Eloise's room, not Walter's. He preferred his own pine-paneled study crammed full of ship models, trophies, maps, charts, photographs of the many boats he had owned, bits of carved teak from India, jade from China, swords from Damascus, a stand of whaling implements from New Bedford.

Walter, on this rainy evening, however, was not in his beloved study. That was a spot for peace. And peace was something to which he had said good-by when he had read the newspaper account of Dee's accepting Maxie Meyer's offer. . . . Little Dee appearing in the Front Page floor show! Little Dee, seemingly so sweet and innocent—now proved to be as much of a shrewd opportunist as all the others! It was unbelievable but true. There it was, plastered in the paper! And Chub was on his way, even now, to see what kind of show she and Maxie had cooked up.

WALTER paced back and forth now in the big living room, stopping occasionally to stare unseeingly out at the dark East River, stopping also, frequently, to replenish his highball glass.

Eloise reclined indolently on a chaise longue, looking—after her strenuous escapade of the night before—like a wilted gardenia not yet brown about the edges. She was watching Walter with a combination of amusement and annoyance. She was amused that his little bread-and-butter miss had turned out badly; but she was annoyed that Walter should take it so seriously. Lord, plenty of other gals, and men, too—secretaries, butlers, chauffeurs, actresses, would-be social acquaintances—had tried to cash in on Walter's name and fame in one way or another. Why should he be in such a dither over this one? Or was this one something special? Had there been more truth than fiction in the "childhood sweetheart" business?

Eloise watched her husband now through narrowed green eyes. And the longer she watched him the surer she became that—whether there was anything in the childhood sweetheart angle or not—Walter had, last night, been on the point of falling in love with young Deeda Mason from Eastmouth! Eloise couldn't help chuckling inwardly at the thought. Those two together. A perfect match! Santa Claus and Little Miss Muffet, walking seraphically through life, distributing largesse on all sides and adopting flocks of wet-nosed orphans! Or maybe having children of their own. That's what Walter wanted. He wanted children of his own, and home life, and a wife who would dote on being with him. In fact, he really wanted the kind of wife that probably this Mason person would make!

At this realization, Eloise's inward chuckling entirely ceased. She wasn't blind to her faults or to her utter selfishness with Walter. But that didn't mean that she had any intention of letting any other woman muscle in on her territory! Walter was hers for as long as she wanted him—which would probably be forever, because where again would she find a berth that combined such luxury and freedom? And that large-eyed Mason girl with the lullaby voice had made entirely too big an impression on Walter! Never, until the sudden appearance on the scene of this bread-and-butter miss, had he shown any serious interest in any girl.

And, furthermore, in the early hours of this morning — after a quarrel over the boat episode—he had said thoughtfully, "Maybe, Eloise, we have been fools for a long time, you and I. . . . I'm not asking this, El. I promised you years ago that I would never ask you for a divorce. But I can't help wondering, sometimes, why you don't ask me for one. You don't want to give me children or companionship or anything else much, and I can't seem to satisfy you."

Eloise thought over that early-morning scene now. She remembered every bit of it. She had melted him with her usual procedure of tears, protestations of penitence and devotion, and with her somewhat time-worn line: "You're the only decent thing in my life! Only decent thing I've ever run across since—*that* time. I got started all wrong, darling; it's not *entirely* my fault, is it? I need you, Walter!"

He had succumbed as usual; but Eloise remembered now—as she watched her pacing husband—that he had looked at her in an absent-minded way, as though he were seeing some one else. It had made her feel chilly at the time. And then, to cap the climax, her maid had reported to her this morning that she had heard Mr. Bassett ordering flowers for a Miss Deeda Mason!

Eloise nodded thoughtfully. Just as well the country miss had slipped in the mud and had soiled her nice white garments of innocence!

DARLING!" she murmured now, flinging out her hand to him. "Don't be so upset. We'll go down to Aiken at once and play together and forget this unpleasant mess."

Walter forced himself to smile at her. Appreciating her rare offer of companionship, he patted her golden head.

Eloise, amused at his gratitude, decided to play the understanding wife still further. She said, "I know this Front Page business is a nuisance; but I'm sure Chub can buy her off. And we shouldn't blame the girl too much! Naturally, being with us all last night—and the fuss we made over her—put ideas into her head. She admitted then that money was what she was after. I'm really glad that she chose this way of getting it rather than blackmail! You know, Walt, I'm not criticizing you — because she was a pretty thing in a way —but you did lay yourself open to almost anything, taking her alone to the Emeralda!" She rose, put her arms about his neck. "And now let's talk of Aiken. Let's fly down—"

"In your plane?" Walter asked, making a resolute attempt to take his mind off Dee in a cheap floor show at the Front Page, Dee billed as "Cape Cod sweetheart," and banking on the added whispers, "Walter Bassett's childhood sweetheart." . . . When would he get over trusting people? When would he stop acting like—as Eloise had once told him—Santa Claus being taken for a sleigh ride in his own sleigh?

"Of course in my plane!" Eloise answered, dropping down again on the chaise longue and smiling enticingly. "I'm a much better pilot than I was when you went away. And I promise not to stunt."

At that moment a maid came in to announce Dr. Paisley.

Eloise ran her hand through her hair, smoothed her beautiful hostess gown, then—remembering that she would be smart to show as little obvious interest in Phil as possible, she looked consciously bored. "We're never alone!" she protested softly to Walter.

Walter welcomed the handsome doctor, chatted a few minutes, then said to Paisley, "You and Eloise probably want to talk shop. And I have a pile of stuff screaming for attention on my own desk. So, if you'll excuse me—" He went out.

Eloise, after the door was closed, opened her arms to Phil Paisley. Her lace sleeves dropped enchantingly; the light was soft on her golden hair. One ankle and a large amount of exquisite leg showed. "Phil!" Her voice was that of Marlene Dietrich getting ready to sing.

But Paisley, standing stock-still, burst into cynical, though appreciative, laughter. "Camille!" he hailed her. "Greta Garbo, Sarah Bernhardt —and Simone Simon, pronounced See-moan See-moan! What a pity!" Chuckling, he lighted a cigarette.

Furious, she lowered her arms, sat bolt upright. "What's a pity?"

He flicked out his lighter. "That Lubitsch didn't see you before Sir Walter did! What a loss! To think of you in technicolor!"

"You're a devil!" she exclaimed; but he had taken the wind out of her sails. He always did. "And after I risk so much for you! It's dangerous to let you come here, now that Walter's home." She pouted at him, thinking, Why hasn't he money? Why doesn't he ever say he wishes he might marry me? Why doesn't he knuckle under, the way Walter does?

PAISLEY dropped down on the chaise longue, rested his hand on her knee. "You never risked anything for anybody, my shrewd-hearted, ravishing wench! And yet—possibly—if you had a tremendous fortune, and if I didn't have anything else on my calendar, I might marry you tomorrow. Although I doubt it! For I'm just old-fashioned enough to hope for real love from the woman I marry."

Eloise blinked. She knew he expected her to rage under his insult. Therefore she was calm. "And you don't thing I'm capable of real love?"

He looked at her with momentary and gloomy sincerity. "No, my dear, I do not." Then he shrugged, chuckled. "But you put on a very good show." He slapped the knee that

he had been caressing, kissed her roughly, then stood up. "All right. Now let's take a look at these chapters." He undid a bundle of manuscript. "We've repeated ourselves in five and eight. Your fault—you're prone to repetition! Got a pencil?"

Eloise, biting her lip, wrapped her swirling hostess robe about her, went briskly to her desk. And in a few minutes—even with this man, who attracted her as no man ever had, so near her—she became all psychologist, and a good one.

AT just about the time when Eloise and Philip Paisley were starting to work on their book, Dee Mason, in the dressing room of the Front Page, was flashing the stories in the newspapers that the disgusted Chub had tossed her. Dee read how the lovely, heroic, mysterious "childhood sweetheart" of Walter Bassett was appearing in person at Maxie Meyer's Front Page to sing sea chanteys and the same lullabies that she had used to put "Sir Walter's" already headlined twins to sleep. The writer slyly congratulated both Maxie and Dee on cashing in so quickly on her publicity.

The paper shook in Dee's hands. Her fury knew no bounds—at Maxie Meyer, for the trick he had played on her; at Chub Davis and Walter for believing that she would wittingly be party to such a cheap scheme; and at herself for again having acted like a babe in the woods.

There were more stories in the paper, and pictures—pictures of the Emeralda, the twins, Walter, Eloise. But Dee didn't linger over them. The one thought in her mind—above the condemnation of her own stupidity—was that Walter—Walter believed that she was knowingly making use of this publicity! Walter had sent Chub Davis here to buy her off! Walter thought she was a cheap opportunist! . . .

Dee shuddered. She had been a fool, a stupid, ignorant, credulous fool. But Walter was a fool too, a blind, cruel one to believe this about her! And so was Chub. . . . Well, she would show them that they couldn't treat her like dirt, order her about! If the proud Walter Bassett's name was so precious that he couldn't have it mistakenly linked with hers, what about *her* name and *her* pride?

Feverishly Dee threw on her coat over her costume. Chub had commanded, "Put on your street clothes." Who was he to give her orders? Not but what she wished she might stop to change; but there wasn't time. Every minute counted in what she was about to do! . . . Chub had said, "As far as you're concerned there's going to be no more show." . . . Oh, wasn't there? He'd be surprised—and so would Maxie Meyer!

Spurred by shame and anger, what does Dee plan to do? Her impetuous action, surprising and dramatic, makes one of the high points in this colorful modern novel. Read about it in next week's Liberty!

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?

The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.

The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1940!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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WHY WE WERE STUCK WITH HARRY BRIDGES

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT has required a European war, no less, to draw the issue between the people of the United States and Harry Bridges, alien. It has required the realization of the American people that many aliens in this country bear no good will toward our present social order finally to bring home the facts about him.

Half a year ago the Department of Labor brought deportation proceedings against him. The idea was to invoke existing laws. Madam Perkins herself issued the warrant against him. But the proceedings that followed were all but ludicrous in their ineffectiveness. And, in some 75,000 words, the decision was handed down that it was all right for him to stay.

Now comes the Congress of the United States out of patience with Madam Perkins—with the amiable dawdling that has given such comfort to this alien agitator and his fellow travelers, the Communists and the Nazis and the like. As this is written, the Congress debates a bill which would rid our scene of Mr. Bridges once and for all. It is a bill aimed at him as an individual. But if it is passed (and it *has* passed the House 330-42), it will serve warning on alien disturbers generally, the Fifth Columnists and the saboteurs and the subverters, that their shrift is to be short in our land of liberty.

What manner of man is this who has at last roused the concern of our easygoing Congress?

Alfred Renton Bryant Bridges, called Harry, was born in Australia in 1900. He came to the United States in 1920 and immediately took out his first citizenship papers and joined the I. W. W., the radical labor organization of the day. But he resigned from it and let his citizenship papers lapse—as he did again after a second careless gesture in 1928.

From the very beginning he was a professional agitator of labor. But it was not until the San Francisco water-front strike of 1934—a strike springing as clearly from interunion wars as from disagreements with employers—that a talent for rousing men's passions and an incredible energy brought him into absolute control of the 100,000 human beings who earn their living out of the West Coast shipping industry.

Shortly after the strike began his political acumen swept him into the chairmanship of the Joint Strike Committee of all the unions involved. And there followed an eighty-five-day reign of terror. Martial law was ordered. There were killings and bloody fights. The strikers in the end won a partial victory; but West Coast shipping was almost completely wrecked, and millions of dollars in general trade had been dissipated beyond recovery. All this with results that were of only passing importance to labor when they were not ruinously costly. But Bridges emerged as Pacific water-front czar: president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; West Coast director of the C. I. O.

During this crisis he strengthened his bonds with the Communist Party. He has freely admitted that he sought aid from the party, and got it. The Communists even dissolved their own longshoremen's union, and merged their members into his union—one of their very first moves to hide behind anonymity.

After the strike Bridges tried to extend his leadership to the Atlantic coast and the Gulf ports, failed, and concentrated upon the West Coast. Strikes and the constant threat of strikes became a permanent hazard for all companies flying the American flag out of Pacific ports. Moreover, his C. I. O. office extended his control to sailors and radio men, stewards and clerks, cooks and truckmen.

Eventually his creation of incessant disturbance became intolerable, and the plea went to Washington: Send this man back to his own country. But it was not until great pressure had been brought to bear by substantial American citizens that Madam Perkins finally issued her warrant for the deportation of Harry Bridges.

When that warrant was served, he glanced at it, put it in his pocket, was released without bail on his own recognizance, and settled back to watch the red tape begin to unwind.

In all such deportation cases, here is the procedure:

1. The Secretary of Labor issues the warrant.

2. The alien is given a hearing before an examiner appointed by the Secretary, to whom—

3. The examiner reports the hearing and his own recommendations.

4. Madam Perkins reviews the report and decides whether the warrant should have been issued.

5. If she decides that it should have

An eye-opening survey of an amazing situation—Do our laws protect us?

A bit of San Francisco's eighty-five-day reign of terror following the rise of Harry Bridges (above).

been, the alien may then appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Bridges was handed his warrant in March, 1938. And almost immediately Madam Perkins announced that, as another case was pending at the time before the Supreme Court—the case of Joseph G. Strecker—the Bridges case would be held in abeyance until the Strecker case was decided, since they were closely parallel and the Strecker decision would provide a precedent.

Congressmen and citizens insisted that they were not parallel at all. To decide about that for yourself, you must look at the law involved.

It was passed in 1918, that law. And it provided machinery for sending back to their own lands "aliens who believe in or advocate the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence, or *who belong to or are affiliated with organizations which believe in and advocate such overthrow.*"

Strecker, an Austrian restaurant keeper of Hot Springs, Arkansas, came under the eye of the immigration authorities because he openly preached the theories of Karl Marx, and it was discovered that he had once belonged to the Communist Party in America. So a deportation warrant was served upon him. After his hearing, the examiner recommended that the warrant stand, and Madam Secretary told him he would have to go back to Austria. He appealed.

Now, a rather curious change occurred in the charges against Strecker between the serving of the original warrant and his appeal. At the outset he had been doubly charged: as an individual who advocated the overthrow of the American government, and as a member of an organization which advocated such a thing. Somewhere along the line, the first charge was dropped. And therefore the whole case before the Court hinged upon the second: membership in the Communist Party. So the attorneys for the Labor Department had to prove against Strecker (*a*) that he belonged to the Communist Party, and (*b*) that the party believed in the overthrow of the American government by force or violence.

Strecker admitted that he had once belonged to the party—had joined unwittingly and had resigned after five months, realizing his mistake.

The Supreme Court decided (six to two) that past membership in the party could not be held against him. It would be necessary to prove, said the majority decision, that he was a member *at the time the warrant was served on him.* The Court did not rule at all on whether the Communist Party fell within the 1918 description of organizations seeking the overthrow of the government.

The minority opinion, written by Mr. Justice McReynolds, disagreed sharply, saying: "If by the simple process of resigning or getting expelled from a proscribed organization an alien may thereby instantly purge himself after months or years of mischievous activity, the hoped-for protection against such conduct will disappear."

Be that as it may, the decision was down and the precedent established. The government now would have to prove that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party when the warrant was served on him—and then that the party was proscribed under the 1918 act.

Madam Perkins announced that she was ready to proceed in his case.

For months there had been bitter denunciation of her tactics. In Congress, Representative J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey had presented a resolution demanding her impeachment for conspiracy to violate the immigration laws. It was charged that she had deliberately sent up a weak case against Strecker, one that was certain to result in the precedent favorable to Bridges. The American Legion expressed its dissatisfaction with her functioning, "particularly in the Bridges case."

She replied with her customary restraint and moderation. The impeachment was abandoned. And she announced that Dean James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School would conduct the hearings in the Bridges case at San Francisco.

DURING the next nine weeks 2,500,000 words were spoken in a little room on Angel Island. Bridges began by admitting that he was an alien and denying that he was a Communist or ever had been. And the government offered its case to prove that he was a Communist, a secret and active member of the party.

It is difficult to see how any reasonable person could have been expected to take the government's witnesses seriously. This group of men were, with a few exceptions, characterized as "far from reliable" in the report of Dean Landis, who termed most of their testimony "hearsay" and described one witness as "a self-confessed liar." How or why these particular individuals were chosen to build up the government's case may well remain a mystery. They bogged down in a maze of ludicrously farfetched yarns. It would be improper to insinuate that these witnesses were chosen for the very reason of their doubtful credibility. But it is altogether proper to regret that more convincing men were not put on the stand.

The hearing had little meaning except for the days Bridges spent in the witness chair. Out of his testimony came the statement of his credo, his aims. The vital passages are scattered through the hundreds of pages of it. I have drawn them together:

He denies membership in the Communist Party. But he sometimes subscribes to and receives Communist literature. He has asked and received help from party headquarters in his unending disputes with employers. There are many Communists in his union, and there is a rule in it against inquiring of any member whether he is a Communist.

" I am a trade-unionist, not a Communist," he says. " As far as the aims of the Communist Party are concerned, I bring them down to where we benefit by them. If my views happen to coincide with theirs, I can't help that." He does not believe that the party is a subversive organization, yet " I think in theory their aims are revolutionary, but I have difficulty explaining how and why."

He has a bitter hatred for the " bourgeois class " and all corporations, and, specifically, for the American Legion, the National Guard, the chain-store system, and the National Association of Manufacturers. " They are not working for the American standard of living or minimum wages or rights of workers or the Constitution. They are working exactly opposite to those things."

Capitalism means to him " the exploitation of a lot of people for profit. I haven't much use for it."

He says, " I don't see why a handful of individuals should control enormous tracts of land, public utilities, railroads, oil wells, and other natural resources. They stole them in the first place. I believe in the abolition of private property to the extent of government control of utilities, factories, and industrial plants."

His aim is one great fellowship of trade-unions. He would have unions for all types of wage earners, for doctors and nurses, lawyers and engineers, small shopkeepers and small farmers, all government employees—federal, state, and municipal, all technicians, and for the unemployed. Each of these unions would be affiliated with one great parent organization (presumably on the order of the C. I. O. though he did not say so).

Under his scheme there would be in America a universal minimum wage, with rewards above the scale for individuals displaying extra capacity. Inheritance taxes would virtually confiscate all inheritances.

He was asked: " Is the ballot under the Constitution enough to accomplish the ends sought by you on behalf of the working classes? "

It was, he said. " If we ever reach the point where we have gone as far as we can under the Constitution, it will be time enough to sit down then and decide what is next to be done and how much farther to go. I cannot say now what that would be. I am no prophet."

There you are. If you read as I do, there is no vast difference between these politics and the politics of the revolutionaries. Here is advocated the turning over of American industry and major resources to the government—*to a government controlled by the votes of a united proletariat.* At his deportation hearing he stated that he has no use for dictatorships, including that of the proletariat.

Dean Landis, when he closed the case, said his first job would be to gather light on the word " affiliated." Was Bridges affiliated with the Communist Party, and if so, how much less than actual membership did affiliation mean?

Well, in 75,000 words, the length of his report to Madam Perkins, he said it meant a great deal less. It had not been proven that Bridges was a member of the party. It had not been proven to his satisfaction that Bridges was affiliated with the party.

He said Bridges was " energetically radical " but should not be deported. The warrant should be dismissed. Nobody was deeply amazed when Madam Perkins agreed and dismissed it. But a great many people were most outspokenly angry.

But the net result remained the same. We were stuck with Harry Bridges—stuck good and fast.

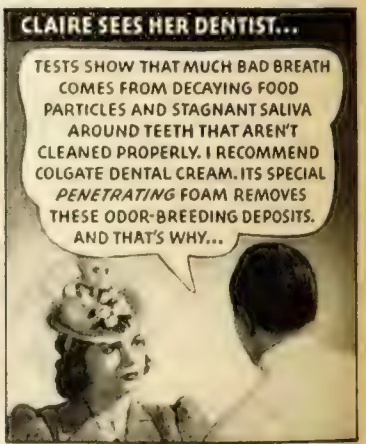
The upshot of the whole affair, of course, was to establish the principle that any alien Communist or fellow traveler, anarchist or " energetic radical " could work to his heart's content upon our democratic structure as long as he could find some kind of cover behind which to conceal his " affiliation."

Small wonder, then, that the Congress eventually came awake to the dangers in such a situation. For my own part, I had rather see a complete and immediate revision of the 1918 deportation laws, giving us a sterner and surer control over *all* alien agitators. But, failing that, there is consolation in the knowledge that Bridges is being cared for.

THE END

They never thought she'd land him!

BUT HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...
I HEAR TOM AND CLAIRE'S ENGAGEMENT IS ON THE ROCKS
DEFINITELY! BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME TOM. TOO BAD NOBODY EVER TOLD CLAIRE TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH


CLAIRE SEES HER DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

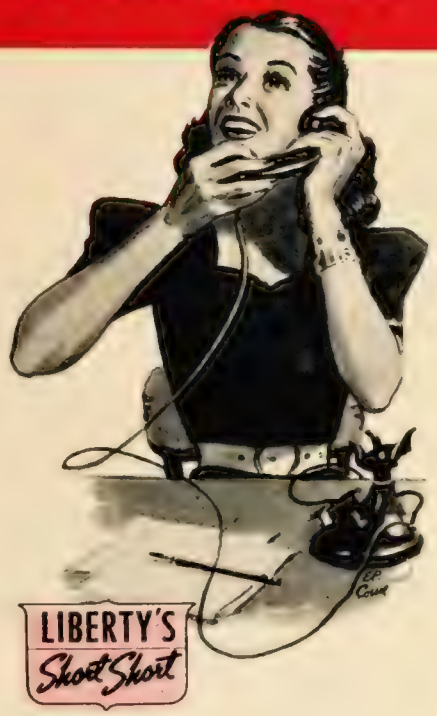
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
SAY! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S LEAP YEAR, TOM? YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE CLAIRE PROPOSE TO YOU!
I MADE CLAIRE SAY YES--AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME!

DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW- NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

Prelude for Tomorrow

BY LESLIE ROARK

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



AT last, oh, at long, long last, this was the hour and this was the day!

Her employer never knew why for the past year Paula had so often made the mistake of dating her letters a day ahead. But she could have told him: her error sprang from her eagerness for the days of the year to be gone.

Her old vibrancy was hers again as she hurriedly gathered and filed the carbons of the morning letters. Now—hat, purse, gray suit jacket—she was a slim brunette whirlwind in that New York office, with the streaks of sunlight lying across its darkness. And the glass plate in the door, bearing the words, "A. M. Arnold, Attorney at Law," quivered for moments after her footsteps had died away down the hall.

For her, there was spring along the crowded streets, although it was a summer day. September 9. How well she knew the date!

At Andrews' the tables were already crowded; art students giggled and quarreled over coffee and sandwiches or thick mugs of beer. The thick, hanging smoke and unrestrained laughter somehow brought Nicky close again. Fifteen minutes now until he came. In fifteen minutes she would see him. His dark thinness, his gray eyes that could laugh so.

She sat down at a table, trembling. So many things had happened here in Andrews'!

In a way, the trouble had begun here the night Nicky quarreled with Estelle Neeley, a thin blonde girl with a mouth like a sullen red flag of courage against Nicky's scorn. He had been angry with Estelle because she had forsaken a fine talent to slap out modernistic pictures with only one virtue—they sold.

There was something about that quarrel that worried Paula. Why was it that Estelle could take criticism with good grace from any one but Nicky? And those childish blue eyes of hers. When she looked at Nicky there was something besides hurt in them; something hovering and veiled. What was it?

A few days later Nicky daubed a cruel satire on one of Estelle's most outrageous pictures, and the students hooted and screamed with laughter over it; especially when an Irish contractor, named Connors, offered to buy it for three thousand dollars. And they needed the money.

"But," said Paula, "Nicholas Ashvane sell a picture like that, with his name on it? Oh, no!"

"No," Nicky retorted, "we'll just go on as we have for the past six months, letting you buy my oil paints and bread and butter."

They might have left it at that but for Estelle. One night when they sat in Andrews' with a group of students, drinking beer and arguing earnestly, the blonde girl's voice came to them clearly through the hovering smoke and the din.

"Oh, if I were a man I'd marry a girl who could support me, and devote my life to keeping my art untainted."

The next day Nicky sold Jack Connors the picture he wanted.

"There's only one thing to do now, Nicky. You must go to Paris," Paula had pleaded and argued and commanded. For if Nicky started selling pictures like that one, all the brightness of their dreams would turn to bitterness. "This money will take you. Get in touch with people, arrange an exhibition perhaps. I'll stay here, because you'll need every penny you have. And—and no letters, Nicky. Letters are such poor substitutes for kisses." But the real reason she insisted on that was that she was afraid if she knew where he was she might write him, begging, "Oh, darling, please come back."

He had gone. And just a week later Estelle sailed for Paris. It was then Paula began to wonder if Estelle were in love with Nicky.

(Five minutes now, until he came. "Just a year from today," they had agreed. "On September 9.")

There had been, a few weeks ago, a page in the Sunday paper given over to "Reproductions of some of the paintings of Nicholas Ashvane, whose work critics are acclaiming." Remembering that, her heart cried and laughed and sang; for here was the fulfillment of their dreams. It would take only one thing more: the sight of Nicky.

At ten after one she still sat there. Tears trembled in her eyes.

Her footsteps dragged over the pavement on the way back to the office. How trivial everything was. The people who bumped and brushed her had no more life than the tall, foolish buildings that crowded the street so greedily. Yet she had lived without Nicky for a year. How was it different? That was a training period to make the years ahead more bearable; a prelude for all the long tomorrows. Only, now there would be no reason to count away the days.

When she reached the office she sat down at her desk, buried her head against folded arms and her shoulders moved as if she were shivering.

In the inner office Mr. Arnold signed the last of several letters, then rose with an effort—for he was heavy and rather old—and crossed the room to the door. He was going to give his secretary a talking-to.

He heard Paula's telephone ring, and when he opened the door she was babbling into the mouthpiece. He stopped, watching her.

Shameful. What a way to answer the telephone in a business office! Trembling, laughing and crying all at once. Her eyes were shining, flooded with tears; and again and again the crescendo of her laughter rose. Why, the girl was crying with happiness! "Nicky," she was gasping, over and over, "Nicky darling, what do you mean, you couldn't wait?"

Mr. Arnold would have been surprised to know he was smiling. He turned and shut the door softly behind him. At his desk he took one of the letters and rolled it carefully into the typewriter. He erased a few letters painstakingly, tapped the space bar a few times, and then pecked with one finger. He took the letter out and inspected it with satisfaction. Now, if he could do that well with all of them. . . . Darn the girl. She had made the identical error in every one of those letters.

He erased the date line on the second letter and, rolling it into his machine, substituted September 8.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best

Marjorie Gestring, youngest Olympic championship winner, in a swan dive with balloons.

Tops for 20 years!—An expert tells you why our aquatic stars are the champions of the world

America's Diving Monopoly

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HER youthful figure bounced from the springboard and twisted for a moment in the sunlight, dropped downward and knifed into the water. A chorus of "ohs" came from the spectators surrounding the Ambassador plunge. A smiling face beneath a mop of disorderly flaxen curls bobbed into the Los Angeles afternoon, and the crowd applauded.

Georgia Coleman, then an unknown fourteen-year-old diver, climbed from the pool and walked across the glistening tile toward a fashionable bystander. She stared at his shoes, glanced up at his startled countenance, and grinned.

"Say, mister," she said, "why do you wear such funny-looking shoes? Why don't you get a sensible pair?" D. W. Griffith, director of the famed movie, Birth of a Nation, lowered his head and blushed as he looked at his box-toe button shoes, a Hollywood fad of 1927.

Overhearing Georgia and being responsible for the youngster's conduct as her diving coach, I tried to make apologies, but the great Griffith said no apologies were necessary. I reprimanded Georgia for being so disrespectful and assumed she had lost an important follower.

The next afternoon, when Griffith returned to the plunge, I found I had misjudged her appeal. "Come here, miss," he called to the outspoken taffy-topped girl who was destined to revolutionize women's diving. "Do these suit you?" He pointed at his feet, now clad in conservative new shoes, and the two broke into laughter. Griffith became an enthusiastic supporter of Georgia Coleman, champion woman diver of the world and one of the foremost conspirators in a mighty trust—the United States diving monopoly.

It is a monopoly that began in the Olympic Games of 1920 when Yankee divers won three out of five championships at Antwerp; it gained momentum at Paris four years later when they seized four of five events; and it became complete in 1928 when they monopolized all four championships at Amsterdam. With the diving program standardized at four events since 1928, our divers have kept every championship, repelling the assimilating Japanese, the scientific Germans, and the fearless Scandinavians. In twenty years of men's and women's diving, the United States has won every Olympic event in springboard competition and nine out of twelve titles from the high platform.

"Why this monopoly?" you may ask.

The reason is a case of individuals, hard-working boys and girls who have an unequaled desire to attain perfection no matter what the odds. Their success is going to be my story. There are similar success stories in other monopolies, but this is the one I want to relate, after thirty-eight years in the diving game.

Of all the champions, popular and plucky Georgia Coleman most completely won the public's heart. She is a remarkable competitor, as she proved in her diving career and again in her recent struggles against infantile paralysis.

famous Georgia Coleman, woman diver of all ," in a handstand dive.

Dorothy Poynton Hill, one of a memorable foursome in the California Olympiad.

I will never forget our first meeting. A well built girl of fourteen, of medium height, stepped into my office one day and said, "I want you to make me a diving champion." I told her to put on a suit and do one or two dives. This she did and surprised me with her natural co-ordination, balance, and self-confidence.

After she had gone, I excitedly gathered my friends at the pool and told them, "At last I've found a girl who will be able to do the same difficult routine of dives as men." But they had heard this theory advanced unsuccessfully before and remained skeptical.

To their amazement, Georgia did just this. In the next two years she advanced the standards of women's diving more than in any previous ten years and became the top woman diver of all time.

It took hard work. Long afterward Mrs. Coleman told me Georgia would come home after drilling two weeks on the same points and declare she was never going back. Yet she was on time every day, and four months from the time she began she won in the national junior championships. Georgia enjoyed national diving honors for four years, losing only once, from 1929 through 1932. She climaxed her career by winning the Olympic Games springboard title at Los Angeles and placed second from the high platform.

Her popularity was due to more than diving ability. She had color—a mixture of native naïveness and abundant courage. Having lived on

BY FRED A. CADY

Head Olympic Games Diving Coach as told to Bob Cahn

Catalina Island, where she ran wild and where a bathing suit was considered adequate garb, she did not like the idea of being fully clothed every day. We had quite a time with her on the trip east for the Olympic trials of 1928 in New York. We never did succeed in keeping a hat on Georgia's ruffled locks.

The same courage she showed last winter in battling illness asserted itself in those 1928 trials. It was Georgia's first visit to the old Manhattan Beach pool, and she failed to follow my explicit instructions for diving in a strange tank: Pay no attention to the depth marks but jump in feet first and test the depth yourself.

Georgia took her first practice dive without testing, and crashed into the bottom, emerging with front teeth broken, chin split, and face badly cut. I patched her up as best I could and was satisfied she was out, as far as making the team was concerned.

But not Georgia. As soon as facial repairs were completed, she insisted on resuming her diving. She not only made the team but was runner-up in both springboard and platform events at Amsterdam.

When Georgia and my two men champions, Mickey Riley and Dutch Smith, turned professional, soon after the Olympic Games of 1932, I was left without a champion. The next year I adopted the role of a detective, keeping an eye peeled for the right kind of material.

Just when I despaired of finding the makings of another champion, a ten-year-old girl was brought to me by her parents. They wanted me to make her a champion.

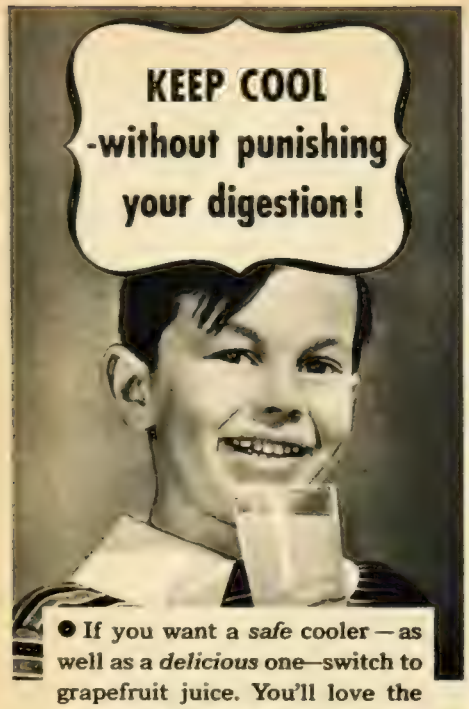
I was dubious, for parents are prone to overrate their own children. I watched her take a half dozen practice dives and saw little that resembled a new champion. Then one day I found myself liking the determined progress of young Marjorie Gestring, and she soon won my complete confidence, for she was a scholar of the pool. I never had to tell her anything twice.

Whereas Georgia Coleman was a daredevil, this little miss was cautious and would never attempt anything until she had mastered all the fundamentals. Georgia became a champion in one year. Not so with Marjie. She progressed step by step, all the while going to school and taking piano and dancing lessons.

After three years of training, Marjie was finally ready. Only thirteen years old, she made the American Olympic team, despite the handicap of never having won a national championship. The Berlin Games were her first big event, and none of the experts expected her to place.

To make things even worse, Marjie suffered a freak accident. She mounted the springboard and stood with her back toward the water to practice a cutaway one-and-one-half. As she bounced upward and backward from the board to start her somersault and one half, a band below blared out with an "oom-pa." Marjie was so startled she misjudged the distance and struck the board head first on her way down. She was able to shake off the injury, but sometimes such a bump will leave a latent fear with a diver.

Two days later came the Olympic springboard championships. For



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seven dives Marjie kept within one point of the leader, Katherine Rawls, the Florida queen. For her final dive Katherine performed a back jackknife with a one-half twist, receiving favorable response from the judges.

Just before climbing the ladder for her last chance, Marjie walked over to me. I advised her she would have to click on this final dive for a score of eight or better out of a possible ten points. She nodded, climbed onto the board and poised for the cutaway one-and-one-half, the same dive she had injured her head on forty-eight hours before.

With her back to the crowd, Marjie started high into the air with a graceful lift, tucked herself into a tight ball for her forward somersaulting, then straightened out, displaying a well formed body rocketing toward the water. The water boiled over her—the mark of a perfect entry—and I knew she had triumphed.

Two judges awarded her nines, the rest gave eights, and thirteen-year-old Marjorie Gestring became the youngest athlete ever to win an Olympic championship.

Marjie's victory gave me a lot of satisfaction. I started out in life to be an artist, and it was not until I obtained some degree of success as a diving coach that I was able to produce successful art. Perfect diving is art at its best. I happen to specialize in painting horses, and I know a false diving movement will spoil a dive in the same way a bad stroke of my brush will spoil a painting of Seabiscuit or some other thoroughbred.

IN the Olympic Games of 1920, a medieval moat surrounding the aged city of Antwerp lent a romantic setting to the aquatic events. The water, however, was dirty and cold, never warmer than 55 degrees.

Our diving team included two misses only fourteen and fifteen years old, Aileen Riggin and Helen Wainwright of the Women's Swimming Association of New York. Europeans were surprised when they viewed these tiny girls who would compete against the best in the world, all of them much older and more experienced. But the youngsters used the natural grace and suppleness of their young bodies to added advantage. When the crowd along the moat ended its applause, Miss Riggin was the world's springboard champion and Miss Wainwright was the runner-up.

Two more divers who began their careers in early youth aided the United States at Paris four years later. Elizabeth Becker won the springboard title and Caroline Smith followed suit in the platform event, once more proving the advantage of early training that combines daily instruction with maturing bodies.

Divers usually reach their peak at an earlier age than participants in other sports. But you cannot say "They never come back," about diving. Miss Becker took time out after her 1924 victory to become Mrs. Clarence Pinkston and later became the mother of twins. Yet she did a comeback in 1928 to win her second Olympic championship, this time from the platform.

It was not the female of the species, however, who dominated the diving in the 1928 Games at Amsterdam. Pete Desjardins, the bronze statue from Florida, flew through the air with the greatest of ease to score the only Olympic diving double in history, winning both springboard and platform events.

Although 1928 was the year the United States monopoly assumed complete control, my fondest memories are of the Olympic Games of 1932 at Los Angeles, for the occasion climaxed the careers of a never-to-be-forgotten trio—Georgia Coleman, Mickey Riley, and Dutch Smith. The three were inseparable pals throughout many years of diving, and they teamed with Dorothy Poynton to capture all four titles in the California Olympiad.

BESIDES their Olympic achievements, Georgia and Mickey set American records never equaled by completing grand slams of diving. In 1928 Mickey won national indoor titles from the high springboard and platform. A year later Georgia duplicated Mickey's feat in the women's events.

Few of our divers turned professional in the years before the 1932 Olympics, consequently most of our top stars could be counted on for two Olympiads. Following the Games at Los Angeles, there was a spontaneous demand for diving exhibitions all over the world, and Georgia, Mickey, and Dutch, as well as Jane Fauntz, forsook their amateur status, leaving only Dorothy Poynton for the 1936 Olympics.

With the exodus of these performers from the amateur diving ranks, it looked as if international rivals might bust our trust. But Marshall Wayne and Richard Degener came to the rescue in the men's events, and Marjie Gestring helped Dorothy Poynton Hill retain women's honors for Uncle Sam.

I have been asked, "Would America's diving monopoly have continued this year had there been the Olympic Games?" Even more strongly, is my answer, despite the absence of our 1936 men champions, who have joined the moneyed ranks.

Right now the outstanding springboard artist in the world is Al Patnik from Ohio State University. Last year he won national indoor titles from the three-foot and ten-foot boards and added the outdoor ten-foot crown. Al's flawless body mechanics, combined with his individual grace, would have carried him to an easy Olympic triumph. His Ohio State teammate, Earl Clark, is almost the equal of Al on the springboard and is superior on the platform, where Earl stands out as national champion.

The veterans Elbert Root and Al Greene have a lot of good dives left. Sammy Lee of Occidental College, an

American-born Korean, would be another threat. And there is also fourteen-year-old Norman Sper, Jr.

Norm came to me when eleven years old and has shown the willingness to toil long hours and the ability to improve. He weighs only 104 pounds and stands only five feet two inches, but he has overcome the fear of space that often hinders youngsters in the high-platform event.

For the women's diving team, blonde Marjie Gestring would be on hand to defend her ten-foot title, with severe competition from pretty Helen Crlenkovich of San Francisco, who upset Marjie in the nationals last year. But Marjie added platform diving to her repertoire in the hope of gaining an Olympic double, winning the national women's championship last summer. Other outstanding women divers include newlywed Mrs. Ralph Flanagan, who as Ruth Jump was one of the best platform artists in the world, Arlite Smith of Chicago, and Margaret Rheinhold of St. Petersburg, Florida.

If I were asked to name the individuals who would compose the 1940 Olympic team, this would be my selection: Men's springboard—Al Patnik, Earl Clark, and either Sammy Lee or Al Greene; men's platform—Clark, Elbert Root, and Norman Sper, Jr. For the women's springboard—Marjorie Gestring, Helen Crlenkovich, and Arlite Smith; women's platform—Marjorie Gestring, Mrs. Ralph Flanagan, and Margaret Rheinhold.

With this squad the United States might have slipped by without even the loss of a third place.

People often ask, "Are champions born or made?" I always answer yes, for they are both born and made.

The birth factor is probably more important in diving than in any other sport. A well modeled figure or the promise of one is a prerequisite, as well as balance and co-ordination. The training factor, which mainly concerns the willingness of the pupil to work three hours a day for three or four years, will make or break a champion.

THIS tedious point-by-point instruction starts with the use of the springboard. Next is taught the proper method of entering the water. Posture and forward run count in the judging. Correct posture is the same as taught in school—body straight and relaxed, chin and stomach held back. The run forward before a dive must include not less than three steps and a hurdle jump.

Bending, somersaulting, or twisting in mid-air forms the basis of advanced dives. In the pike or jackknife, the diver bends at the hips and touches the insteps, keeping the legs straight. In somersaulting, the body may rotate in three positions—flat, bent at the hips, or tucked in a ball. From here the performer graduates to compound dives that feature from one and one half to three and one half somersaults or that feature a one-half or full twist.

While learning, a pupil has to expect to iron one out once in a while, which is diving lingo for a belly flop. But gradually the diver learns to recover in the air and hit as safely as a cat.

The disappointments and bruises of an occasional mussed-up dive are quickly lost in the applause of the crowd that greets the diver on popping to the surface after each successful effort. I recall one instance, however, when a top-notch diver received an unexpected reception following a graceful dive.

SAN FRANCISCANS were gathered around Fleishhacker pool to watch some of the world's best divers. The Fleishhacker plunge is alongside the ocean, and pelicans occasionally come in. On the afternoon of the meet, one pelican persisted in swimming near the diving tower. After it was twice chased away, the program resumed and the announcer called, "Farid Simaika of Egypt in a forward flying somersault from the platform."

Farid had just leaped when the old bird came soaring back over the pool, went into a power dive and landed flush on Farid's bobbing head. The Egyptian diver uttered a surprised shriek of "Allah!" so loud I wonder he was not heard in Cairo.

Luckily for Farid, the judging on his dive ended with his entry into the water, so he received a nice score of eight. There is no telling how much the judges might have subtracted for that bit of comedy.

Few sport fans understand how diving is scored. Those eights, nines, and tens we mentioned are the averaged ratings of a group of judges. Each judge criticizes every dive on the basis of ten points for perfection. Tens are as rare as no-hit games on the baseball diamond.

Hawk-eyed judges, on the lookout for diving blemishes, watch for uneven steps on the approach, awkward action of the arms, or lack of force in bouncing from the board. They observe with exactness the angle at which the diver enters the water and whether the toes are fully pointed or the arms are in line with the head.

In the men's Olympic events there are ten dives, five of which are compulsory. The other five may be selected from an official list of alternate dives, all with different ratings of difficulty. Thus an award of eight points on one dive can count more than a nine earned on an easier dive. In the women's Olympic diving there are eight dives, four of which are compulsory. At each Olympics the list of required dives is revised.

"Mr. Cady," I am repeatedly asked, "who is the best diver you've ever coached?"

Whenever the question is directed within earshot of my wife, I answer, "Viola Hartman." Miss Hartman was my first national diving champion. But since 1925 she has been doing all of her flops over a pancake griddle. You see—she is Mrs. Cady.

THE END

Enjoy a Tall, Frosty Sloe Gin Fizz!

DELICIOUS—EASY TO MAKE

2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin, juice of ½ lemon and 1 teaspoon powdered sugar in 8 oz. glass. Fill with seltzer, add ice, decorate with slice of lemon.

A Sloe Gin Fizz tastes tangy and rich as rare Burgundy—made with Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin! For, Mr. Boston uses the finest, plum-like *imported sloe berries* to give matchless flavor and richness. Try this tall thirst-quencher today—discover the taste-perfection of Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin!

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ORSON WELLES WITHOUT WHISKERS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

STANDING in for Jack Benny! That's the same as pinch-hitting for Joe DiMaggio with the score tied and the bases full.

Yet, eighteen million radio fans, all winter long on Tuesdays and two summers long on Sundays, have been giving Ezra Stone their ears. Two years in succession he has been chosen to hold down radio's toughest spot, the Bennyless half hour on summer Sunday nights.

Who is Ezra Stone, and how did he get the way he is?

Well, he's Henry Aldrich in the Aldrich Family. All eighteen million of us know that. But how he got to be Henry, and how he got to be many more things in no time at all, before he was old enough to vote—we mean stage actor, movie actor, stage director, casting director, producer, company manager, lecturer, drama teacher—well, that's *some* story.

For Ezra Stone is strictly streamlined twentieth-century Horatio Alger, with a Flash Gordon tempo and a Superman kick. He is the one-boy theater. He is Orson Welles without a beard. He is Youth, Incorporated. Most important of all, he is that seemingly vanishing American, a youngster who knew what he wanted to do and did it—without the aid of youth movements or youth congresses.

Ezra was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, twenty-one years ago. Very soon thereafter, Father Stone, a government chemist, was sent to the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and Son Stone was sent to the Oak Lane Country Day School, where, so the story goes, he was frequently admonished for lack of scholarly achievement by some of the town's better pedagogues, and where he constantly flunked his father's favorite subject, chemistry.

"I was a sort of Henry Aldrich," confesses Ezra, as he looks back from the mountain height of his twenty-one years. "I couldn't see much sense in school."

In one thing, however, Ezra was an even greater trial to his parents than Henry is to his: he lisped.

This was too much for Father Stone. So he sent Ezra to an elocution teacher. The teacher was an old-time actor. He cured the lisp O. K. by setting little Ezra to spouting:

> O Tiber! Father Tiber!
> To whom the Romans pray.

But Father Tiber got a better break than Father Stone. For the old actor, with his tall stories of the stage, turned Ezra's impressionable mind still further away from stodgy compounds into the glittering world of the theater. In short, he gave Ezra the bug to go on the stage.

At this point intrudes the first of many inevitable comparisons between the careers of Orson Welles and Ezra Stone. Hay fever sent the future Shadow on a walking trip to Ireland, which headed up in the Gate Theater in Dublin. A speech impediment started the future Henry Aldrich on the trek to Broadway. Both times the American theater was the winner.

At nine, Ezra was acting not only in school plays but in little theaters. At ten, the manager of a traveling company caught his act at a semi-professional show, signed him up for a bit part in Barrie's Quality Street, and a whole year of tank-towning passed before Father Stone got Ezra back to his chemistry.

"School has always been hanging over my head," mourns Ezra. "Even now, I can't afford to be out of work because dad'll send me to college."

At the age of eleven, however, he had no choice but to go back to his schoolbooks. But his heart wasn't in them. So he got a radio job on a children's hour with no pay but lots of experience, over a Philadelphia station.

Then he ran away to New York twice. Both times he was brought back, but after the second attempt a family conference was held at which it was decided that Ezra should have his way, give up trying to be a chemist, and go to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

In the school's graduation play, June Moon, in which the teen-age Ezra played the forty-year-old pianist, Theatre Guild producer Phillip Loeb was so struck with the youngster's performance that he signed him

"I spend a couple of hours a week in the same beauty parlor

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

A lively look at the private life of radio's Ezra "Henry Aldrich" Stone

for a small part, and as understudy to the star, Jimmy Savo, in Parade. Next came Oh, Evening Star.

Both were flops.

An older or a different actor might have been discouraged by two failures in two times out. But not Ezra. He promptly borrowed the stage sets of both shows and set himself up as a play producer on the straw-hat circuit. He wasn't doing so badly, either, until the barn he was using for a theater—which he had also borrowed—did what barns so often do—went up in smoke.

His next job was in a road company of Eugene O'Neill's Ah, Wilderness! And shortly afterward, with his pay in his pants, Young Lochinvar came riding out of the wilderness to Broadway.

His old sponsor, Phil Loeb, was just about to open in the George Abbott-directed play, Three Men on a Horse, so Ezra, being "at liberty," took to hanging around the Abbott offices doing odd jobs on a dollar-a-year (stage money) basis. In "Horse" was a brilliant youngster named Garson Kanin—now Hollywood's kid directorial sensation, and when Garson went out to the Coast, Ezra went into the cast—first of Three Men on a Horse, and later of Boy Meets Girl—and also gathered to himself most of Kanin's former duties as general assistant to Producer Abbott.

Along came Brother Rat, and the part of the fat boy, the youngest of the cadets, whose plump posterior prompted persistent paddlings throughout that hilarious entertainment, seemed made for Ezra, who was built on the roundhouse plan. He was ideal except for one thing—his hair was black and straight, and the script called for hair that was red and curly.

"He won't do," said Abbott, "and that's that."

Ezra didn't stay to hear more. He made a beeline for the nearest beauty parlor. Next morning there burst upon George Abbott's popping eyes a flaming youth with the reddest curls that ever grew on human head.

Did Ezra get the part? He did.

Brother Rat has long since gone the way of all rats, and there is no need for Ezra to wear his crimson crown. But he knows his Broadway too well to abandon what has become his trade-mark. Overnight he became the Big Stem's red-haired, curly-haired child, and so he will probably be forced to remain even after silver threads appear among the red.

"And what a life!" sighs Ezra. "I spend a couple of hours a week in that same beauty parlor!"

What a Life, indeed! That was the name of the Broadway play in which the character Henry Aldrich first appeared. Written by a high-school lecturer on health named Clifford Goldsmith, the chief amusement centered in a character who was "a cross between Penrod and Willie Baxter, who attends classes mainly in the principal's office."

From the moment the "Life" script unrolled into the Abbott offices, Ezra Stone, now officially accepted as chief play reader and casting director, saw himself and only himself in the principal role of Henry Aldrich. But George Abbott had, he told Ezra, already decided on a boy in one of his traveling companies to play the part.

Meanwhile, however, since the favored one was still on the road, some one would have to read Henry's lines in the daily tryout of actors and actresses for the supporting parts. And Stone was that some one.

There were sixty of those tryouts—and when the boy from the road finally showed up, Abbott had gotten so used to hearing Ezra do the part that nobody but Ezra could ever sound or look like Henry Aldrich to him.

Next we find our daring young man on the drama trapeze transferring his activities to the radio studios—or, rather, augmenting his already heavy and mostly self-imposed duties as actor, stage manager, play reader, and casting director by re-creating on the air his now famous character of Henry Aldrich.

When Rudy Vallee asked Cliff Goldsmith to work up a seven-minute radio skit on his Henry Aldrich theme, the author changed the prevailing background for Henry's escapades from the school, which was the scene of the stage play, to the home, and developed through shrewd characterizations the roles of Henry's father and mother and sister, producing a radio sketch which promptly smiled its way through two Vallee guest

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A Warner Brothers Production

Peg's "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE" gets her man!

1 **Gwen:** "Why Peg! You're mad as a hatter! Where are you going?"
Peg: "Home, that's where. Can you imagine Dick telling me it was a shame the way I neglected my teeth!"

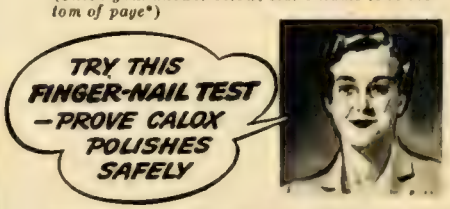
2 **Gwen:** "He didn't mean it, Peg. My advice is Calox Tooth Powder . . . its *5 cleansing agents* do splendid work in helping to bring out the natural lustre of your teeth!"

3 **Peg:** "What a marvelous show, Dick! And that new star—didn't she have the loveliest smile?"
Dick: "Sure, but your 'Hollywood Sparkle' can match hers any day!"

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" *by bringing out natural lustre*

CLUES by Harrison Carroll
Hollywood Correspondent

1. Who played the part of a Confederate spy in "Virginia City"?
2. Who leads a quiet life with her adopted son, Michael?
3. Who has blonde hair, blue eyes and—like so many other stars—a vivacious Calox smile?
(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)*



POUR a little Calox Tooth Powder on a nail buffer and rub your nails, hard. What a smooth, high polish! That's definite proof Calox Tooth Powder contains no harsh abrasives to harm the softest tooth enamel. Calox has not only 1 or 2, but FIVE CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and surface stain. Get that "Hollywood Sparkle." Brush your teeth with Calox for 30 DAYS! See how it helps improve the natural brightness and lustre of your teeth!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER
Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath

*Miriam Hopkins

spots and thirty-nine Kate Smith programs to its present triumphant position as an independent attraction.

The Aldrich Family is just good clean fun—but the part of Henry is played with such gusto and naturalness by the inimitable Ezra that it has established not only a record for rapid climbs to popularity but has established itself as one of the few really big "money" programs—big enough, two successive summers, to fill Benny's Sunday spot!

When Hollywood bought the movie rights to What a Life! Ezra was tested for the part he created on Broadway. But the studio, after deciding that Stone did not "look the part," gave it to Jackie Cooper. Ezra wasn't especially sorry that he missed playing Henry in the movies. He was already a big man in the Abbott organization, with responsibilities which he hated to drop. Besides, he was branching out for himself.

Practically one-handed, Ezra kept the play, What a Life! going on Broadway nine months after it had been scheduled to be taken off the boards. By running the show on a co-operative plan and cutting everything to the bone, he found that it could get along on $2,300 a week, which is peanuts on Broadway.

WHEN the time came for George Abbott to put on his next comedy, See My Lawyer, he amazed Broadway by calling in his marvelous moppet and telling him it was up to him to go in and direct veterans like Milton Berle, Eddie Nugent, Teddy Hart, and Millard Mitchell.

Besides casting the play, directing it, and stage-managing it, Ezra also acted one of the parts. Later, he took over the star role played originally by Milton Berle. He also made a hurried trip to Hollywood to appear in Those Were the Days, a student saga of Dear Old Siwash. Ezra got the notices; he always does. But Ezra doesn't like the movies. That is, as an actor, he doesn't—there are too many waits between shots. As a director, though, he wouldn't mind going out to Hollywood and seeing if he couldn't speed things up a bit.

Between these various activities, Ezra has found time to stage the refugee play, Reunion in New York and to do a little teaching at his alma mater, the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Sunday, which is supposed to be a day of rest, finds him rehearsing all day, broadcasting at 7 P. M. Eastern daylight saving time, and rebroadcasting for the Pacific Coast at 11.30. Asked what he does for relaxation between the two broadcasts, his reply is characteristic:

"Oh, I'm lucky. George Abbott's office is just across the street from the studio. I run across there and get some work done."

From all of which it must be clear that if unemployment is any such menace as the campaign orators say it is, Ezra is to blame—he's holding all the jobs!

THE END

DARK YESTERDAY

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Jeffrey Lynn, Barbara O'Neill, Virginia Weidler, Helen Westley, Walter Hampden, Henry Daniell, Harry Davenport, George Coulouris, Montagu Love, Janet Beecher, June Lockhart, Ann Todd, Richard Nichols, Fritz Leiber, Ian Keith, Sibyl Harris, Edward Fielding, Mary Anderson, Ann Gillis, Peggy Stewart, Victor Kilian, Mrs. Gardner Crane. Screen play by Casey Robinson, based on Rachel Field's novel. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 143 minutes.

RACHEL FIELD wrote this best seller about her own great-aunt, Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, heroine of a *cause célèbre* of the 1840s. Henriette lived as governess in the ill-starred household of the Duc de Praslin and was unwittingly the center about which a famous crime revolved. For the duke, in desperation, finally killed his embittered, emotionally jealous wife, and Henriette, suspected of being an accomplice and even an instigator of the crime, went on trial for murder after the nobleman had removed himself by suicide. Henriette, however, pleaded so successfully that she won her freedom, came to America, wed the preacher-brother of the man who laid the Atlantic cable, lived to preside over a distinguished household in the Gramercy Park of old New York.

Between the lonely duke and the governess there had been a bond of

A best-seller in celluloid . . Two bright stars somberly enact a strange true tale of the past

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

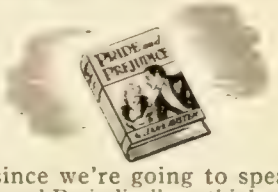
Bette Davis in the film version of a popular novel, All This, and Heaven Too.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Among the sixty thousand communications that we receive monthly, there was one which said we ought to tell more about the films we mention. True and just comment, in our opinion, but our alibi is the limitation of space. Of course, you could point out that this very paragraph might be eliminated.



And since we're going to speak of "Pride and Prejudice", we think maybe the correspondent was right. After all there is much that can be said about this newest production from the world's No. 1 cinema workshop.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Jane Austen novel has been adapted to the screen by that brilliant contemporary author, Aldous Huxley, working in collaboration with the experienced screen writer, Jane Murfin.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was produced by Hunt Stromberg, who has a long record of achievement, and directed by Robert Z. Leonard—who also has one.

M-G-M not only utilized the intrinsic quality of an outstanding work known to all who care about reading, but also bought the screen rights to the play by Helen Jerome, which ran on Broadway from November, 1935, to May, 1936.

★ ★ ★ ★

The casting was most fortunate. GREER GARSON *adds to her stature of "Goodbye Mr. Chips";*

and LAURENCE OLIVIER *actually is better than he was in "Rebecca".*

★ ★ ★ ★

But there are others that should be mentioned: Mary Boland for one, Edna May Oliver for two, Maureen O'Sullivan for three, Ann Rutherford for four, and Frieda Inescort for five.

★ ★ ★ ★

The social-climbing Mrs. Bennet and her five "little women" will bustle into your shadow world bringing with them rippling laughter and wistful romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "Pride and Prejudice" with pride. Those who have seen it have a prejudice in its favor.

★ ★

Until next month in the same place. —*Leo*

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures.

unspoken love and sympathy, that was all. But the man paid for it with his life, while the governess fought it out and found a new happiness.

The film is actually the story that Henriette tells to win over the pupils of a fashionable New York girls' school. In a two-hour flashback is her plea for a chance to start anew. All this is related with screen magnificence and elaborate detail of production. The film does not tell all of Miss Field's novel, but it is far too long. It has two highly interesting stars, tops in their zones of acting, but these players are in negative roles, kicked about by fate.

For once I am rather disappointed in Bette Davis. Her Henriette is too mannered, too precise of diction, too histrionic. Her long travail never touched me. She seemed primly un-Gallic, far from the unconventional woman who could shrug down a scandal that rocked a country. Heavy-lidded, really Gallic, Charles Boyer is a bit better as the harassed Duc de Praslin. The outbursts of Barbara O'Neill as his neurotic, passionate wife left me cold, and Jeffrey Lynn is a colorless Henry Field.

Anatole Litvak runs riot with his penchant for traveling camera shots, and tells his story, mainly of frustration and tragedy, in slow-paced monotony.

This suffers from the GWTW influence, I'm afraid.

VITAL STATISTICS: For a time the Warners considered releasing this in two sections. It's one of the rare films to use actual names of actual people. But, of course, Rachel Field did just that when she wrote about her relatives. The novel, by the way, appeared in 1938, ran into some fifty editions. . . . Charles Boyer spent two months drilling in France, then, with 158,000 others of his age, was demobilized. Returned to America last November. May see more service if, and when, France needs his class. Charles recently was joined here by his mater. . . . Bette Davis has a ninety-acre farm in the White Mountain country, at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Plans a two-month vacation there this fall. Is starting a stage group to be called the Sugar Hill Players. Bette weighed a hundred pounds when she finished Elizabeth and Essex, was nervously exhausted. Gained thirty-five pounds during a three-month rest in New Hampshire late last fall. Now tops scales at 115, is in perfect health. . . . Director Anatole Litvak wrote the great Rachel out of the script after he interviewed 100 candidates, tested eighteen. No one had the voice to suit him. Anatole directs scenes with a stag whistle, the size and shape of a tearoom gherkin, fastened to the lapel of his coat with a leather strap. Litvak toots to start and stop scenes, much as Cecil De Mille pipes scenes with his silver whistle. . . . Thirteen-year-old June Lockhart is the daughter of Gene and Kathleen Lockhart; makes her big-league debut here. Little Virginia Weidler is also thirteen. But note the size difference. . . . Barbara O'Neill is a cousin of playwright Eugene. Was Scarlett's mater in GWTW.

★ ★½ 21 DAYS TOGETHER

THE PLAYERS: Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Leslie Banks, Francis L. Sullivan, David Horne, William Dewhurst, Frederick Lloyd, Robert Newton, Esme Percy, Elliot Mason, Arthur Young, Hay Petrie, Meinhart Maur, Morris Harvey, Lawrence Hanray, Fred Groves, Aubrey Mallalieu. Scenario by Basil Dean and Graham Greene, based on a story by John Galsworthy. Directed by Basil Dean. Released by Columbia. Running time, 72 minutes.

FILMED in England several years ago, this is built from a John Galsworthy story, tells of two sweethearts having their brief—but hunted—moments of idyllic happiness. He is a wastrel, she a mannequin. He kills the girl's repellent husband—strangles him to death in fact—but the two make their escape. An innocent man is arrested, goes to trial for the murder.

What will the lover do? Give himself up or let the blameless bloke go to the scaffold?

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh play the lovers and contrive to give a considerable measure of tense suspense to the film. The picture is deliberate, paced after the manner of Alfred Hitchcock. Fairly effective melodrama with a none too believable ending.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was made in England before Vivien Leigh became famous as Scarlett O'Hara. It was shown in London in 1938 as The First—the Last, after the John Galsworthy title, The First and the Last. . . . Their mildly popular New York stage appearance in Romeo and Juliet concluded, Vivien and Laurence have returned to London. Some time ago both volunteered their services to the British government. . . . When Vivien grows tired of endless conversation she stops the chatter with, " Let's leave off the fuzz-buzz and do." Vivien, by the way, was a schoolmate of Maureen O'Sullivan at Roehampton Convent in England. Hadn't seen each other for ten years until they met in London on the set of a Yank at Oxford. . . . Scenes from the upper deck of a Thames River steamer required special permit of the London authorities and the governor of the Tower Bridge. Cantilever bridge had to be opened at exactly right moment. Cost fifty dollars. . . . Those waitresses in a London restaurant scene are real "nippies," hired from a Lyon's Corner House. The Soho street, built in the studio, has authentic pushcart vendors, too, if you care. . . . Leslie Banks, son of a merchant in the shipping business, was trained for the church, switched to studying art, then to the stage. Debut in Shakespeare with Sir Frank Benson. The first World War—and a severe wound.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert.

★★★—Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives.

KIDS GET LITTLE CUTS WHEN THEY PLAY ON BEACHES. FOR ANY LITTLE CUT THAT NEEDS BANDAGING---
USE A READY-MADE BAND-AID (AFTER TREATING THE CUT PROPERLY). NO FUSSING WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES.
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UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN Hitler's House

ILLUSTRATOR
TORE ASPLUND

I fell in a dead faint. She revived me with the few drops of water we had in the cell.

BY PAULINE KOHLER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A synopsis of the preceding installments of this series will be found on page 46.

PART FIVE—MUNICH AND DREADFUL DACHAU

I NOW realize that in telling briefly of the experiences that led to my serving Hitler as a housemaid at Berchtesgaden, I cannot have given the outside world an adequate conception of the torments to which innumerable hapless victims—many of them women—are subjected throughout Hitler's Greater Germany, unquestionably to his knowledge and with his general approval.

Let me go back to those earlier experiences and tell in more detail what happened to me not only in Dachau, one of the worst of the concentration camps, but also, previously, in the ordinary police prison of the city that is identified with his rise to power—Munich.

As I have related, after the imprisonment of my parents and my husband, I found employment in Munich as maid of all work to a schoolmaster named Hornbach and his wife. Telling my troubles to the sympathetic Frau Hornbach, I was so rash as to curse Hitler, with the re-

Prison, dark days, and terror! New, uncensored revelations from behind the scenes in Nazidom

sult that her husband immediately reported me by telephone and, at midnight, two S. A. men came and arrested me.

I knew it was hopeless to protest or to struggle, so I dressed quietly and went down to the slick new limousine the two men had commandeered. My guards were not more than twenty years old. I am—or was—not unattractive, and I was twenty-three. The youths sat on either side of me in the back of the car. They began to exchange obscene remarks about my figure. I tried not to listen. Said one of them mockingly:

"Do you think those curves are real, Lutze? Or is it one of those French tricks?"

The other one replied, "Well, it's easy to find out. What's holding you back?"

I bit his hand.

Lutze struck me in the face with his fist. A huge gold ring on his finger cut me over the eye. I submitted to manhandling for the rest of the journey. When we reached the police headquarters I was taken before a young captain by the two S. A. men.

"What's the charge?" he asked.

"Slander of the Führer and intrigue with enemies of the Reich already under arrest."

"Take her to Koch."

I was hustled down a corridor to a small room filled with tobacco haze where a paunchy middle-aged man sat back in a swivel chair with his feet on the desk. His face was mottled with red splotches, and when he roared at my guards, I shuddered.

"What's she here for, black or white?" he growled.

"White," said Lutze's companion.

I discovered later that this meant I was merely under suspicion and not the object of any specific charge or the victim of any Nazi's personal venom. It was lucky for me. Those arrested "for white" may be and often are released early from the concentration camps.

SERGEANT KOCH began to take an interest in me. "You'll be out in no time, little girl," he said. And then added, with a leer, "If you're a good girl and do as you're told."

I shivered again. He saw it and scowled. "You'll learn not to be so sensitive here, you little slut."

He picked up the telephone, pressed a button, and said, "Send Anna to me."

Anna, brown-smocked and so bulky that even Koch seemed slim beside her, came up two minutes later. Her face was as hard as flint. Koch filled in a form, handed it to her, and said, "Sign for the new pigeon, Anna."

Then he winked and said, "Look after her carefully as a favor to me. She's rather sensitive."

Anna seized my arm and jerked her thumb toward the door. I went meekly.

The women's section of the Munich police prison was fuller than ever in its history. The crimes of ninety per cent of the women prisoners were simply that their husbands had incurred the hatred of the Nazis. Before I was allotted to a cell, I was taken for medical examination. This, I discovered, was an excuse for the young Nazi doctor in charge to compel any attractive girl to undress before him. Next I was given a bath—scrubbed with floor brushes by two burly wardresses.

One of my cell mates was a middle-aged housewife. Her name was Mittelmann, and she seemed overcome chiefly by the disgrace of going to prison. She wept continually. The other inmate of Cell 79 was more interesting. She was a Jewess, and was most hauntingly beautiful. She told me her name was Jetty, but I never found out her surname. She was the wife of a doctor who had already fallen a victim to the terror. Brownshirts had shot him as he was trying to escape from his home after a friend had telephoned to warn him.

Jetty was always reproaching herself for his death. "Oh, Pauline," she choked, "he would have got away in time if I hadn't held him in my arms so long. I couldn't bear to let him go. I loved him too much. I killed him, Pauline, I killed him!"

She told me of the treatment in the prison, where she had been for three weeks. She warned me never to show my feelings at the sights I would see, and to submit to the obscene behavior of the S. A. men when I was called for examination. "If you do," she said, "you are much more likely not to be seriously bothered."

Most of the Nazi prison officials were cases of sex complexes, it seemed. Sadism, cruelty for its own sake, was the commonest kind. The first time I saw a girl stripped and flogged on the exercise ground I fainted from sheer horror; but I became hardened to worse sights than that. Meanwhile, we three cell mates had no uniforms, only the dresses we had been arrested in. My first meal made me sick. It consisted of a tin mug full of an evil-smelling stew, with a piece of dry bread and a mug of water. Jetty said, "You'd better eat it, my dear. The Nazis won't care in the least if you starve to death."

I finally forced myself to eat it.

At 5 A. M. a wardress opened the cell door and told Jetty to get dressed. She obeyed calmly, and before she went she kissed me and said, "I don't expect I shall see you again, Pauline. Good-by, and be brave."

The wardress struck her across the face and dragged her out into the corridor. I wept until we were told to get up, at six o'clock.

That morning Frau Mittelmann told me that her husband had been manager of a department at the Munich gasworks. He had never taken any interest in politics, but one day he had told his assistant not to get mixed up with hoodlums who fought at street corners as the Nazis did. The assistant repeated these words to the Nazis and got his superior's job as a reward.

"But you?" I said. "Surely they have nothing against you?"

"I was so upset, I told my neighbor I thought Hitler was a blackguard," sobbed Frau Mittelmann, "and she told the Gestapo."

MY first three days in the prison were fairly uneventful. The fourth morning we were all ordered to the exercise yard two hours earlier than usual. We were drawn up in two ranks. Four brownshirts appeared at the entrance gates. They dragged in a curious wooden contraption with armholes in side pillars.

It turned out to be a flogging block.

The governor of the prison, accompanied by the young doctor who had examined me, entered the yard. Behind him, held up by two wardresses, came a young woman prisoner. I discovered later that she was a new arrival who had been so outraged by the "medical examination" by the doctor that she had picked up an inkstand and cut open his head with it. I had noticed that he was wearing a strip of sticking plaster across his left temple.

The governor addressed us. "Prisoners," he said, "you are going to witness an example of the punishment meted out to those who attempt violence against the upholders of law and order."

He stood aside. The half-fainting girl was handed to the brownshirts, who held her by the arms while the doctor stripped her down to the waist. He then signed to them to fasten her to the block.

They fastened her ankles with small chains and thrust her limp arms through the holes.

For the first time she now seemed to become aware of what was happening to her. A heartrending groan escaped her lips. She looked at us with a wild appeal in her eyes. It was agonizing.

A brownshirt took a stand behind her and slashed the air with a many-tailed whip. Then the governor lifted a hand. The first blow fell. The victim's cries were drowned by involuntary screams from half a dozen of us. After the sixth stroke, she seemed to

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Pauline Kohler divulged what she learned at Berchtesgaden about Hitler's relations with women. His one real love seems to have been his stepniece Geli Raubal, whom he wanted to marry, and who in 1921 killed herself because his wooing terrified her. After his rise to power, Renate Müller, film and stage star, became his mistress through the efforts of Goebbels. Himmler brought him Gestapo evidence of her unfaithfulness to him with a young Jew of wealth, and in the end she killed herself. One of her successors was Jenny Jugo, Goebbels' former mistress. Another was Eva Braun, whom for a while Hitler's household staff thought he might marry.

Pauline Kohler says it is true that he and Hess have written a sequel to Mein Kampf. It will be entitled How I Did It, and published whenever all his dreams are realized.

lose consciousness. After the twelfth, the governor ordered the man to stop, and motioned to the doctor, who jerked back her drooping head and looked into her eyes. He made no attempt to examine her back, which was crimson with blood.

He nodded to two wardresses, who stood by while the men unshackled her. Before the women could grab her, she collapsed. One of the men emptied a bucket of water over her. It revived her and she began to groan. The wardresses dragged her away.

The governor addressed us again: "The penalty for attack on prison officials is death. This girl has been spared. Remember, if you try to do as she did, you may not be so lucky. Dismiss."

Lucky!

Anna gave us the signal to march back indoors, and we were quickly shepherded to our cells.

I have seen twenty-three women flogged in German prisons, but it was this first sight that affected me most deeply. I was almost unconscious as I walked into my cell, and when Frau Mittelmann began to weep and wail about how awful it had been, I fell in a dead faint on the floor. The good woman revived me with the few drops of water we had in the cell. She told me I had been "out" for nearly five minutes.

TWO days after this, Anna came to my cell in the afternoon and said, "Follow me." I followed her with my heart pounding hard. Was I to be flogged?

I was taken to the young captain who had interviewed me the day I arrived. His name was Muegel. He stared at me for a minute, then ordered Anna out of the room. Then he opened a thin file of papers on his desk and read them. I was amazed at the details about me that the Nazis had dug up. At last he said:

"Did your father teach you to believe in trade-unionism and Social Democracy?"

I replied with perfect truth that I had never had any interest in politics, and neither had my husband.

"But your husband and your parents are under arrest, you know," he said. "What about that?"

I declared heatedly that they had been arrested on false evidence from people who had grudges against them.

He said, "There doesn't seem to be much evidence against you—except on the charge of defamation of the Führer. That is a very serious charge."

I tried to explain that I had not meant what I had said about the Führer; that I had been overwrought.

Muegel got up and came around to me. "I think you might get out pretty soon," he said with a smile.

I almost burst into tears of joy as I thanked him. But he had not finished.

"That is, if you behave yourself here. But I'm sure you will. I rather like you. And I have a little influence in this place." He came closer, breathing heavily. "In fact, you're a beautiful girl, Pauline."

I wanted to scream. Then I remembered what Jetty had told me about submitting instead of struggling. I tried to seem calm. I even forced a smile. He suddenly gathered me in his arms and began to kiss me. . . .

I was weeping when Anna was summoned to take me away. Her only comment to me was, "Straighten your dress. We won't have any sloppiness here."

In due course I was sent on to serve my six months in the Dachau concentration camp. I was taken there with five other women, two of whom were Jewesses. We arrived at seven o'clock one November morning. I am bound to say for dreadful Dachau that the medical examination given me there was the genuine, decent thing.

This time I was allotted to a cell with three others. My stay, as it turned out, was to last only nine weeks. That, however, was quite long enough for me to see my full share of the horrors that so many writers have described. I will confine my account of Dachau to one appalling episode.

A Jewess named Berta Minauer was reported by a wardress for disobedience and was sent for by the camp commandant. I happened to be about ten yards behind her as she crossed the exercise yard between two S. A. men. I had been sent with a message to the camp kitchens.

Suddenly she screamed, snatched a knife from the belt of one man and plunged it into the other man's back. A sentry and I were the only witnesses. The uninjured man had knocked her down by the time the sentry opened the gate and rushed in. He sent the S. A. man for help and then began kicking the wretched Berta in the face. He roared curses. I think the girl must have become demented, for she was screaming back at him, and she managed to get to her feet and even tried to grapple with him. He felled her, and she lay writhing as he went on kicking her ferociously. Three S. A. men arrived with a stretcher and picked up the man she had stabbed.

Suddenly they and the sentry caught the Jewess up and dragged her to the wall of one of the huts. The sentry then plunged his bayonet through her stomach and pinned her writhing body to the wall.

Then the men tore at her clothes until she was half naked and began to kick her systematically. The sentry tore handfuls of hair from her scalp. Before they had finished, she was dead.

They stood looking at her broken body for a few minutes. Then the sentry withdrew his bayonet, let the body fall, and wiped off the steel on her clothes. The S. A. man went off indoors and the sentry went back to his gate. Not one of them had paid the slightest attention to me. I crept indoors by myself.

When we were all out for exercise two hours later, there was no trace of the scene.

AS I have related, it was in January, 1934, that, thanks to the good offices of a friendly official, I said good-by to the nightmare that was, and is, Dachau.

At Berchtesgaden, later, the memory of it was forever with me, and my dread of being returned to it accounted for my submission to the attentions of the brutish Gestapo lieutenant, Hausmann. How I thanked heaven when he was replaced at Berchtesgaden by a younger and much pleasanter and kindlier man, Captain Rinz, who was never anything but charming to any of us servants! After all, the Gestapo men at Berchtesgaden felt themselves to be rather above having domestics as mistresses. They were allowed to bring their own women there. And their tastes usually ran to actresses from Munich or Berlin.

I often dreamed of escaping from Berchtesgaden to England or America. Escape seemed impossible. But I grew more and more determined to make the effort—and to make it without risking Dachau again!

It remains for me to give certain details of the curious secret stratagem by which, with the blessed help of Fräulein X, I did eventually escape.

How under heaven could a girl get away from Hitler's guarded Berghof? Lest her escape seem unbelievable, Pauline Kohler—concluding her disclosures in Liberty next week—will let you far enough into this amazing secret of hers to convince you!

Old Age Pension Plans!

WHAT is the solution of the old age pension problem? Thousands of aged now are unemployed and without adequate income through no fault of their own. The combined effects of the depression and resulting national unemployment have left them drifting hopelessly and helplessly . . . prey to whatever demagogue promises them most.

Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, believes the Townsend Plan was a sincere effort to provide a solution. But he is convinced that a better and safer plan can be found. He believes readers of Liberty may be able to furnish one and invites their co-operation.

This plan must be practical from an economic and governmental standpoint. It must provide adequate benefits for the aged, but it must not bankrupt the local, state, or federal governments.

Mr. Macfadden will pay $1,000 to the author of any such plan for old age relief that, upon due consideration, he believes is worthy of development and sponsorship. This is not a contest and he reserves the right to reject any and all plans suggested under this offer.

All suggestions should be mailed to Bernarr Macfadden, Old Age Plans, Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. The offer will stand until a suitable plan is presented, or until further notice.

Stirringly now a breath-taking novel of love and a world at war smashes toward its climax

Wings of Wrath

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

He stood rigid. His face became more pallid, and he looked at Sir Malcolm with bitter resignation.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FELLOW-passengers aboard the British steamship Carthage when it is torpedoed, Kurt Freel, an American of German extraction, and Claudia Gage, a member of the English Women's Auxiliary Force, are saved and proceed to fall in love. He is determined to fight against the Nazis, and Claudia, in spite of great qualms, decides to help him. In the United States, he had been a flyer until grounded because one of his eyes had been blinded.

Assuming the identity of a dead British aircraftman, David Cresson, Kurt succeeds in being stationed at Craymoor, a big air base in Scotland.

Under training, Kurt proves himself an extraordinary gunner while aloft, and in actual combat is cool and fearless. But there are two nagging worries for him and Claudia: David Cresson's brother may appear and ruin the game, and Kurt's faithless wife Hilda may prove a barrier to happiness.

In an air battle Kurt's bomber is downed and plunges into the sea, but he manages to escape by means of his parachute. He finds a dead German flyer floating on the water in a wrecked Nazi plane. Before the enemy trawlers can make him prisoner, Kurt, though seriously wounded, manages to change clothes with the slain Nazi airman and slip the body into the sea.

His ruse works. He finds himself in the Wilhelmshaven air-base hospital as a patient under the name of Leutnant Otto von Retz. But he must get away before his subterfuge is discovered. Fortunately, he speaks perfect German.

While he is convalescing an armada of Nazi planes lands at the air base. And he hears that a tremendous raid is contemplated on the British fleet. Also, he learns that he is to be sent to Kiel to join Von Retz's former squadron! Utterly desperate, Kurt through a mad maneuver wangles a Messerschmitt from the hangars and soars away. He is pursued, then, nearing the coast of England, he is horrified to have six British cruisers open fire upon him!

PART NINE—THE END OF A MASQUERADE

AND why wouldn't the British cruisers fire at him? Wasn't he in a Nazi plane? What else could Kurt expect?

With a surge of terror, he jerked the Messerschmitt's nose upward. He gave it all the speed it could take, and it shrieked up in a mad effort to get beyond range of the British guns. But not fast enough for him.

A shell exploded so near that the Messerschmitt seemed to leap under the impact. It shivered, almost sideslipped, but continued its screaming climb. It was at 16,000 feet now—17,000. He knew, however, that British antiaircraft effectiveness could reach 20,000 feet. He had to get higher—much higher.

As Kurt climbed with all the power of the roaring motor, his face became ghastly. Why, in the excitement of escape from Germany, hadn't he considered the likelihood of an English attack?

When he glanced down at the cruisers, the air below was full of explosive gray cloudlets. Dozens of them. Those bombs didn't have to score direct hits. If they burst close enough to you, they could reach out and shatter you. . . .

At 20,000 feet he leveled off, banked, and sent the Messerschmitt plunging northward. He could make a mile in twelve seconds. If he could avoid being hit during those few critical seconds of horizontal flying, he'd force them to readjust their range. By the time they tried again he could be far enough from them to be safe.

So, colorless, he raced along. Below he still saw occasional puffs of smoke. But the shells were no longer close. He continued northward for almost five minutes. By that time the cruisers were far behind, out of sight, and he could breathe more steadily. Yet, when he banked again to fly westward toward England, a new and appalling fear caught him.

Certainly the destroyers would

notify the coast patrol that a German plane was speeding westward. And the Air Ministry would order squadrons of Spitfires into the air all along this reach of shore line to intercept the German—to shoot it down. . . .

Kurt's mouth felt dry as he squinted ahead. He found himself licking his lips.

Supermarine Spitfires. Faster than the Messerschmitts. More deadly. Armed with eight Browning machine guns, four concealed in each wing. If a squadron of them attacked you, there was no hope of escape.

At this moment the Spitfires were probably taking off to meet him. God knew how many of them!

His skin became taut and gray over jutting cheekbones as Kurt watched for them. He had no choice but to risk an attack. And again he thought, with consuming bitterness, what a fitting climax to the fiasco he had made of his crusade if now, on the very verge of vindicating his part in the war, he were to be shot down by British planes.

Far ahead, far below, the coast was an irregular bluish line bordering the sea. He watched it materialize out of a haze. Under him sailed an occasional merchant vessel. He flew straight on, without the slightest idea of what part of Britain he was approaching.

If I can make a landing before I'm sighted by planes, he thought desperately, *I may still be all right.*

It was quite possible.

He continued toward the coast with a confusion of hope and fear. As he approached it, he pointed the Messerschmitt's nose downward. He descended to 16,000 feet, to 14,000, determined to land in the first clearance he saw. Another ten or twelve miles, that was all. Just a few minutes.

And always he peered about for British planes. He looked left and right, above, below, everywhere. Everywhere except into the blinding glare of the sun, behind his left shoulder. Up there he couldn't see anything clearly. Surely not the nine tiny Spitfires which had cannily been waiting to let him pass, that they might trap him between their own guns and the antiaircraft batteries on shore—waiting up there, in the sun, to pounce down upon him like falcons from a height of 26,000 feet.

KURT was five miles from the coast when he spied the Spitfires. He caught sight of them in an apprehensive glance over his shoulder. Nine of them diving out of the sun. Coming at terrific speed, spreading apart to form a barricade between him and escape.

He half rose in his seat. It wasn't terror that seized him. It was a sense of helplessness and futility, of meeting a defeat that heaven itself couldn't justify. A feeling of downright agony that tore a groan from him.

The Spitfires were still high above him; too high to open fire. But they'd be swarming around him within ten seconds. That was air warfare—you reckoned in seconds—in fractions of seconds.

He jerked his eyes to the instrument panel. Eleven thousand feet. And five miles to the shore.

"God!" he said aloud.

Another wild look over his shoulder. He couldn't fight them. He didn't want to fight them. He wanted only to land, to deliver his message. He wanted to escape just long enough to travel five short miles—

Kurt dipped into a dive. He went down almost vertically, the Messerschmitt filling the sky with its screech. Down at mad speed, the engine roaring. And behind him the Spitfires dived in pursuit.

He glared down with harassed eyes. What was the use of diving? Where could he go? He couldn't plunge into the sea. He *must* make the shore.

SO he brought the craft out of the dive at 6,000 feet. It jerked him back, snapped his head so violently that the back of his neck ached. The plane seemed to rattle, and he had a momentary horror of breaking its wings. But it came out of the dive safely; roared toward the coast at better than 320 miles an hour. Only one minute—that was all he needed. One short minute. In a minute he could be over land, dropping to any clearance he saw.

But a minute in the sky, with nine Spitfires diving at you, was longer than hours of bombardment on the ground.

He saw a ship below. A small thing. A freighter of some sort. But he couldn't look at it long. Over his shoulder he stared in agony at the Spitfires.

Two were hardly a thousand feet above him. A brief rattle on the fuselage made Kurt hold his breath. One burst of bullets had found their target. There'd be more soon. They'd rake the Messerschmitt, destroy her in the air. He looked up wildly. If only there were some way to talk to those men, to signal them . . .

But there wasn't. He saw himself being hemmed in on the sides now. Being pocketed, forced down. Just a few seconds more, and they'd have him.

Kurt's whole being blazed. He was wet with sweat, and his head seemed crushed by a tightening steel band. He stared down. The freighter was slightly to his left, 6,000 feet below.

Suddenly he knew what he had to do. There was no alternative.

Kurt dived.

This time he aimed the Messerschmitt's nose straight at the freighter. He gave the plane all the power it could produce. It went down like a projectile, shrieking and roaring and threatening to shake itself apart.

And still those Spitfires followed! Two were on the Messerschmitt's tail, 800 feet behind. Still firing. But they had to shoot at a wafer-thin target.

Kurt's face was pallid. He'd either succeed or kill himself now. He looked at the freighter, then at his altimeter: 2,000 feet, and still going down; 1,000 feet . . .

That was where the Spitfires gave it up. They couldn't risk going lower. There wasn't enough room below to come out of those terrible power dives. The German, they must have thought, was insane. Or dead. The Spitfires came out of their dives in long graceful arcs that carried them only a few hundred feet above the water.

And then Kurt, too, pulled his plane out of the dive.

He didn't think he could succeed. No piece of machinery, hurtling down at that speed, could right itself and survive. Yet, when he tried it, the Messerschmitt responded beautifully. Though under a thousand feet, he dared not come out of the dive too abruptly. He saw the water rushing up at him. Incredibly close. Hardly a hundred feet below. . . .

He had a brief impression of men at the freighter's rail, gaping up at him. The freighter itself was a few hundred yards away.

Then he was flying horizontally, with the waves hardly twenty feet under the Messerschmitt's fuselage, almost splashing against the plane.

High above, the Spitfires had begun to circle. No doubt they were bewildered, wondering how the German had pulled himself out of the dive—what he intended to do.

Kurt, breathing heavily, flew around the freighter. He flew at scarcely fifty feet, steadily reducing his speed. He circled the ship, drawing ever nearer to it, until his air speed was at a minimum. The sailors ran from rail to rail, watching him in amazement.

He pancaked down on the water within a hundred feet of the freighter. The shock of landing almost threw him against the instrument panel. Only the seat straps saved him.

He opened them with frenzied hands. When he looked down, he could see water gushing into the cockpit. It came fast, through scores of bullet holes. The Messerschmitt would float a short time, then go down. . . .

When he was free of the seat, he got the cockpit's door open and began to yell and wave to the men on the freighter. What he shouted they couldn't hear. The Spitfires above were making too much noise. But Kurt saw two sailors fling life preservers toward him. And he saw others rushing to a lifeboat. And, as the Messerschmitt began its final list, he wanted to throw himself down in the cockpit and sob in sheer nervous exhaustion.

IN the chartroom of the British freighter Alden II some ten minutes later the skipper frowned in perplexity at the incredible man his lifeboat had taken off the wrecked plane. Though the pilot wore the uniform of a German lieutenant, he insisted passionately that he wasn't a German; and certainly he spoke ex-

cellent English. The skipper was old in service to the sea—a ruddy, white-haired Cornishman, thickset and squat of figure—but in all his years he'd never salvaged anything quite like this. A bit dazed, he glanced at his equally bewildered first officer, then looked back at the man he'd rescued.

"If yer ain't a bloody Nazi," he demanded, "what in 'ell was yer doin' flyin' that plane?"

Kurt tried to explain. Still breathless, he made his words as brief as possible. He stood facing the two men, his open flying suit revealing the tunic of the German uniform. The door behind him held half a dozen staring faces the skipper didn't trouble to order away.

When he'd finished his story, in anxiety that tightened his voice, Kurt pressed, "You have a wireless, haven't you?"

"Sure I 'ave. The operator's reportin' you to shore this very minute."

"I've got a message to deliver to the Air Ministry. It has to be delivered at once. In person. Can I be put ashore someway?"

The skipper rubbed a hand over his jaw.

"If yer got a message," he said, "why can't we just wireless it?"

"Can't risk having it intercepted. It—it's something I've got to deliver myself."

"Well, we'll 'ave you ashore, in the 'ands o' the proper authorities, by mornin'."

"That may be too late!"

"Well, that's just too bad. I ain't dockin' till we myke London, mister." The captain sounded determined.

KURT pushed unsteady fingers through his hair. There was a stubbornness about this man that exasperated him. He asked suddenly, "How far are we from Craymoor?"

"Passed it sixty-seventy miles back. And I ain't puttin' around for it, either."

"You don't have to. If you'll wireless the Air Ministry that I have a report about enemy activity—that I must report it at once—they may send a seaplane from Craymoor to take me off your hands. It can be here in less than an hour. You give them my name—Leading Aircraftman David Cresson. Captain, it's important—*desperately* important!"

In silence the skipper again consulted his first officer. The earnestness of this pilot worried him. He had no desire to delay military information; and yet, he half suspected trickery of some sort. After all, the man had come out of the skies in a German plane, shot at by British Spitfires, and he wore a German uniform.

The first officer muttered, "No harm in wirelessin' that to the authorities, sir. What they do afterwards is their responsibility, not yours."

The skipper made a little sucking noise of indecision. At last, however,

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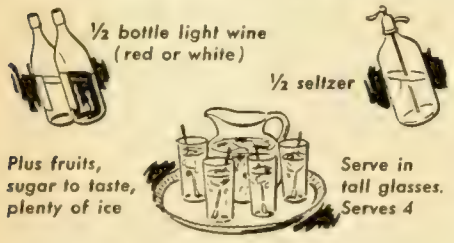

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he must have been swayed by the logic of relieving himself of responsibility.

"All right, Mr. Croft," he said to the first officer. "You see the message is sent."

After that there was an interval of waiting. Kurt, sitting down, tried to still the clamor of his nerves. The freighter's captain settled on the chartroom table, lit a pipe, and studied him curiously through the smoke. Once, when he glanced at the door, he waved the sailors away. Then he resumed appraising his prisoner. He asked a few questions, but Kurt felt too weary to reply in more than monosyllables.

In fifteen minutes Mr. Croft returned.

"Got orders to stand by, sir," he reported in wonder. "There's a seaplane comin' out for him from Craymoor, all right. Ought to be here in thirty minutes."

IT was not quite noon when the seaplane, a twin-motored Saro London carrying a crew of three, settled on the water near the Alden II to take off the freighter's prisoner.

To Kurt, descending the ship's ladder while curious sailors frowned down at him, it seemed inconceivable that so much had occurred in one short morning. He had the confused feeling that time had ceased to have any meaning; it had been twisted and distorted out of all sense, so that minutes were remembered as hours, and hours had no significance at all. Wilhelmshaven appeared to be days —aeons—behind him; a dream long since past.

And when, some fifty minutes later, he stepped ashore on a Craymoor jetty, even that restored no atmosphere of reality. The familiar barracks, the hangars, the lines of planes he had so often seen belonged to a life that was strangely detached from his own.

Walking across the field, with the four men who had been sent to bring him to Headquarters, was like traversing some fantastic region he could recall only dimly.

His German uniform stirred a great deal of excitement. Men hurried to stare at him as he passed; and once he heard an astonished outcry: "*Cresson!*"

When he turned his head, he saw Henry Balder, stupefied, gaping at him out of a crowd. The huge man stood in a kind of petrification, mouth open, eyes wide, as though witnessing the resurrection of some one long dead. . . .

Kurt gave him a weary smile of recognition. Here at last was reality. Good, earthy, simple Henry Balder. Henry, who ought to be sweating behind a plow instead of trying to be an aircraftman. Men like Henry were meant to do honest labor—to work and marry and rear children and laugh in pubs—not to fly at 350 miles an hour, consumed by savagery and hate and bestiality, pouring death out of machine guns.

The sergeant beside Kurt said, "You're to report direct to the Vice Air Marshal at his office."

"Very good, sir."

When he entered the office, Kurt felt like one confronting a court-martial. Vice Air Marshal Sir Malcolm Copley Gage stood at the desk. Since he and Captain MacCord had been expecting Kurt for two hours, there was little surprise in their expressions. Even the German uniform had apparently been anticipated. Kurt found in their faces only a military sternness which was inscrutable.

With a feeling of utter dejection, he thought, *Claudia isn't at Craymoor. If she were, she'd be here.* . . . The pang of disappointment hurt deep. He hadn't quite realized how desperately he had hoped, against all logic, that he might find her here.

He stood at salute while the Vice Air Marshal peered at him. Sir Malcolm's lips were drawn in rather too severely. For a moment during which he frowned down at the desk the officer reflected that this tall man looked completely done in—gaunt, haggard, close to physical collapse. He said, with a nod at a chair:

"I think you had better sit down, Mr. Freel."

Mr. Freel.

Kurt didn't sit. Not at once. He stood rigid, swaying slightly. His face became more pallid than ever, and he looked at Sir Malcolm with bitter resignation.

So they knew! He had returned to inevitable arrest. Well, it was what he had anticipated, wasn't it? Why be shaken? He drew in a profound breath.

"Thank you, sir." He let himself sink stiffly into the chair.

"I understand you have a report to make."

"Yes, sir."

"Let's have it."

KURT told his story simply. In military reports you avoided the dramatic. Yet he saw astonishment rise in the Vice Air Marshal's eyes; in Captain MacCord's, too. Finally, when he told of the massing of German planes at Wilhelmshaven, Sir Malcolm visibly started.

"At what time did you leave Wilhelmshaven?" he demanded.

"At eight thirty this morning, sir."

"Was there any sign of that armada's taking off?"

"No, sir. But the planes were ready."

The Vice Air Marshal snapped the switch of the interoffice communication box on his desk.

"Get me the Air Ministry!"

Like Captain MacCord and other officers present, Kurt remained attentively quiet. Sir Malcolm, fingers drumming nervously on the desk while he waited, surveyed Kurt with penetrating intensity. He could clearly see the ravages of the past two weeks in the man's face. And inescapably he thought of his daughter. Remembering Claudia's stunned agony when she had learned of this man's death.

Remembering her insuppressible silent tears. Knowing she had been in love; deeply in love — a love like anguish.

There was a buzz. Sir Malcolm snatched up the telephone and spoke to the Air Ministry in London. He spoke quickly, repeating the news of the massed planes. And when he put the telephone down, he was silent again, frowning at the desk.

"Gentlemen—" On abrupt decision, he turned to the other officers. "That will be all. Carry on. Have your squadrons ready to take off. I expect we'll hear from the Air Ministry within half an hour."

They saluted and left. But Captain Denis MacCord paused just an instant—just long enough to give Kurt a nod and a smile. . . .

Alone with the Vice Air Marshal, Kurt sat tense, not knowing what to expect. His eyes followed Sir Malcolm as the man rose and went to stare out of the window.

"Freel," he said grimly, without turning, "perhaps you had better understand your position. Two weeks ago your name appeared on a list of those killed in action. My daughter was here at the time. She'd flown up to spend the week-end with me. She was—deeply affected."

Kurt didn't speak. He had to swallow as he fixed a blind gaze on the floor.

"A Lieutenant Charles Cresson was here, too," continued Sir Malcolm. "He arrived the day after you took off with the squadrons of bombers. The announcement of your death rather staggered him. My daughter —in a spirit of compassion, I fancy—felt she must tell him the truth about you. She did. She told it to me, too."

"I—I understand, sir. I'm glad she did."

"Glad?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sick of the masquerade."

Sir Malcolm turned to regard him searchingly. He studied the exhausted face, the embittered eyes. And for a while he was no longer an officer sitting in judgment. His features relaxed a bit. He was the father of Claudia—of Claudia, who loved this man. . . . He took a tentative step forward, then halted. His fingertips uncertainly rubbed one another.

"I take it, sir," Kurt said heavily, "I'm under arrest."

"Technically, yes."

The words made Kurt look up in bewilderment.

Sir Malcolm went on with irritation: "I don't mind telling you, Freel, your case is a damnable nuisance. I dare say it's unique. If you were an out-and-out spy, it would be quite simple. As it is—as it is, I propose to defer action until I've consulted with the Air Ministry."

"Thank you, sir."

There was an uncomfortable pause before Sir Malcolm added: "I phoned Claudia in London as soon as your message came through from that freighter. I expect she'll be here before dark. She's dropping everything to fly up with a delivery of new Oxfords from Croydon." The Vice Air Marshal checked himself, momentarily abashed by the change in Kurt's face. He saw the deepset eyes come to life; saw the resurgence of color in the haggard cheeks. And he finished harshly, "Dammit, Freel, you're a problem! Go get some rest before she comes. Go to my quarters. And have the orderly give you something British in place of that confounded uniform!"

WHEN the squadron of fifteen Air-Speed Oxfords landed at Craymoor late that afternoon, Kurt wanted to rush down to the field. He went as far as the door of the Vice Air Marshal's quarters, actually had his hand on the knob, before the orderly stopped him.

"I'm sorry, sir. I have orders that you're not to leave the house."

Kurt gaped at the man. "Why not?"

"I don't know, sir. Those are the orders."

Arrest. Technical arrest. So he was not to have the freedom of the airport. . . . Kurt groaned something and ran to a window. The planes were already taxiing up the runway. His nerves hammered as he watched them; watched each cockpit, as it opened, for a glimpse of Claudia. And when at last he saw her, he crushed his breath.

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(Continued in an early issue)

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For your convenience Liberty has prepared reprints of the first six coupons and editorials. You may obtain a set by writing to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. These reprints will enable you to bring your entry even with the field.

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1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

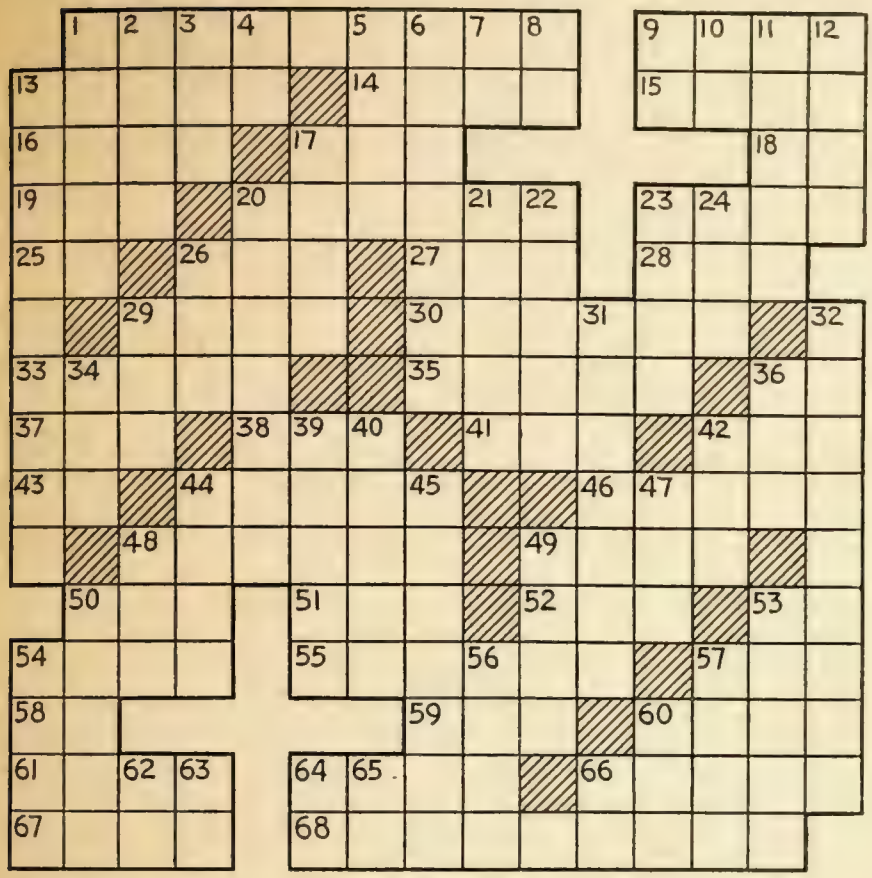
6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 7 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

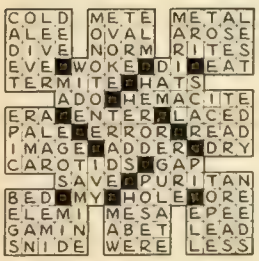
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 He's made a fortune tiring people
9 What the guy who said he cleaned up on the horses did
13 What grammaw did near a mouse
14 Great glowing headlights (fem.)
15 That contrary relative
16 Bullets, often concealed by army men
17 Oomph
18 D' well known Palais
19 Only thing that dares puff in Mussolini's face as it leaves Italy
20 What the fisherman did at the market on the way home
23 Form of tubee
25 One of those grammatical doodads
26 Party that plays the conventions (abbr.)
27 Water with oomph
28 Acorny thing
29 Loving-cup handles, decorate big pitchers, flappable
30 A real deep serious thinking spell (fem.)
33 This shows sense in not betting on men
35 The far-seeing thing about grampaw (colloq.; pl.)
36 Type of dessert
37 Large cavity surrounded by clay
38 Veteran Exuders of Onions (abbr.)
41 A little before
42 Man with lump where head ought to be
43 Baby "t'anks"
44 What the wise pedestrian does before he looks
46 A lot of spooning goes on in this
48 Grammaw's Maginot defense
49 What men of grit eat with spinach
50 This likes to get in tight squeezes



Last week's answer

51 .
52 Kind of soup I'd like to serve Hitler (abbr.)
53 Third of a bushel
54 When the present war ends this in Europe, I hope another starts right away
55 Healed holey heels
57 This was shelled in France last spring
58 The printer's girl friend
59 This is too to in the Ozarks
60 Tiresome beast
61 Where generals no longer seem to die
64 This is pretty gay
66 This is either healthy, terribly noisy, or quiet
67 Stalin in Romanoff pantskis
68 They have to plug for a living

VERTICAL

1 These are made by the young when nobody's looking
2 Roman Christmas tree
3 Roman thingum
4 Ye olde MSS. hacker (abbr.)
5 Attached to heels, they've been feeling the pinch
6 Hitler must love these—he makes so many of them!
7 Look out below (abbr.)
8 Southeast, looking from the northwest (abbr.)
9 It won't be Long's now (abbr.)
10 Hardest thing to get during a subway rush
11 Big baby bird
12 Its motto is: Keep Off the Glass!
13 Wings for der ainchels of death (Ger.)
17 Peaches (yum-yum) (slang)
20 Time taken by woman preparing to go out
21 Take it on the lam with pop's little lamb
22 Put a stop to
23 What a young man does
24 Stingless bean
26 Rumbling sounds heard from the Belchian front
29 The vase bird
31 Britain's switch to the Freedom of the Seize
32 Reason why so many young gals try drowning
34 X-word prayer
36 In him we trust
39 Loosened up
40 Many Italians yell this
42 Qu'ar
44 Worm's lunch counter
45 What a lady nudist would do to the Union League Club
47 Here's what they call an ant's uncle
48 Throw the mush around
49 The cook put everything she had in it
50 The rain of terror (Ger.)
53 There's a string to these
54 Vegetable policemen sleep on
56 It's not far
57 What rainy days do
60 Bestow the Royal Order of the Razzberry
62 A little of each
63 He's always looking down in the mouth (abbr.)
64 Get along, little car
65 Wire correspondent (abbr.)
66 Avenue's young (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

YOU ARE never very far from a can of Sani-Flush. You'll find it in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. So don't wait for a car radiator to hiss and boil. Keep it cleaned out. Use Sani-Flush twice a year. *See directions on can.*

It cannot injure motor or fittings. It removes rust, scale, sediment and sludge. Your car runs cooler. Power is saved. You may save on expensive repair bills due to overheating. Clean out the radiator yourself for 10c (25c for the largest truck or tractor). Or ask your service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

CHASERS
KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH
Package of 5 tablets 5¢
AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

Mothersills
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS *by* SEA, AIR *and* TRAIN

CARL JACOBSON vs. BURON FITTS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am calling your attention to an article in Liberty of the week of March 16, 1940, written by Buron Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, California, and apparently intended to be an answer to previous articles in Liberty entitled The Lid Off Los Angeles. I am calling attention to that part of the article referring to me, and stating as follows:

"Their first article deals in part with the Councilman Carl Jacobson morals case. Happening to have been the prosecutor, I am astounded by what must be either a complete lack of knowledge on the part of the author's informants, or deliberate misstatement of facts by these informants. I am especially astounded by a melodramatic tidbit: The blood of a syphilitic prostitute, it is recounted, was to be injected into Jacobson's veins in order to prevent his release from jail on bond. When, in heaven's name, could that have been thought possible, when Jacobson *never was behind the bars of a jail?*"

In order to clarify in the mind of Mr. Fitts, as well as others who may have been misled by the article, allow me to give a brief history of the case. Mr. Fitts was not the district attorney, nor the prosecutor, at that time. On the night of the frame-up I was lured to a certain place, about 8 P. M., where they had six or seven police officers and one newspaper reporter all staked out awaiting my arrival; sitting in his coupé, down on the boulevard, one block away, was Albert Marco, at that time known as the "King of the Underworld" of Los Angeles; and at the same time, in a room at the Biltmore Hotel were Asa Keyes, who was then the District Attorney of Los Angeles County, and Charlie Crawford, also one of the political big shots, who was later given a one-way ticket to eternity—all awaiting the results of the raid.

After having been put through some outrageous third-degree methods to make me confess to something I was not guilty of, and upon my absolute refusal to sign my name to a blank sheet of paper, I was placed under arrest and first taken to the home of Rodney Webster, president of the Police Commission, where I sat in the car in front of his home until he arrived home. He got in the car with me and from there we drove to the Chamber of Commerce Building, where the so-called Intelligence Division of the Police Department had a suite of offices. At this place, after again failing to get me to do what they wanted me to do, I offered to dictate a statement myself. This I did, stating facts as they had happened during the night, but this statement they said would do them no good. They then sent for the district attorney, Asa Keyes, the same Asa Keyes who, after Fitts became district attorney, Fitts convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

I was taken to the Los Angeles city jail, where I was booked, fingerprinted, and locked behind the big iron gate. This took place about 3 A. M. After I had put up bail, I was told I could not be released until I had submitted to a blood test. I then contacted the jail physician by phone. He agreed to have me released, if I would come down in the morning for a blood test; this I agreed to do. As the officer was ready to let me out, the phone rang; he went and answered the phone, then came back where I was waiting and told me in these words: "Councilman, I am sorry, but I have instructions not to let you out under any consideration."

I then tried to contact by telephone the health officer of the city, who was then Dr. George Parrish, but the telephone apparently was disconnected, as I could get no response. About that time an attorney by the name of M. O. Graves, who had been advised by some one who had overheard what those who arrested me were planning to do and the reason for my not being released, appeared on the scene. This was when I learned that syphilitic germs were to be injected into my blood, which I later found out was true. I then told Mr. Graves to go to an outside phone and call the Health Commissioner and tell him to contact me immediately. This he did, and the Health Commissioner called me and I demanded that he come down and examine me. He came, and I was released at about 7 o'clock that morning.

Now, I am sure Mr. Fitts will recall, and if not, the records will reveal, that some time later, when he was district attorney, I went before the grand jury and had these officers, together with Albert Marco and Charlie Crawford, indicted, and they came up for trial. Mr. Fitts will remember that we had a "hung" jury.

The deputy who handled this case came to me and asked if I would be satisfied to drop the case and not have another trial, provided these officers resigned from the force. To this I agreed because of the apparent futility of obtaining conviction, and they all resigned, with the exception of one. I might also call to your attention, and it is a matter of record, that the same grand jury which indicted these men notified the chief of police that two of these officers referred to herein were unfit to serve on the Police Department. Some time later the chief of police did put these two men back to work, and they were to be paid from the Secret Service fund. To this I rendered a very strenuous objection to the City Council, and they were again removed. This is also a matter of record. And let us not overlook one fact: that neither Clifford Clinton nor Mayor Bowron had anything to do with the grand jury herein referred to.

I think I have proved by this statement that Mr. Fitts was in error, and undoubtedly was thinking of the case of the trial of the police officers, at which time he was district attorney, and not of the frame-up.

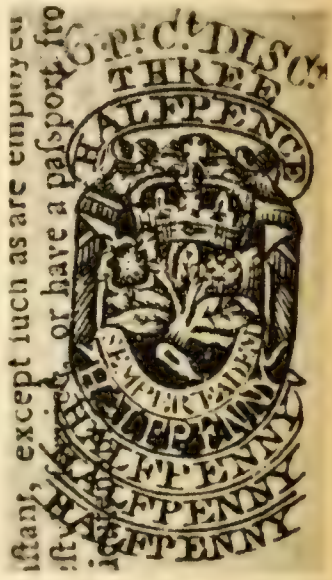
It may be well to mention in closing that this frame-up took place about four days after I had refused to accept from Albert Marco a $25,000 bribe to lay off in my fight against crime and corruption in the City of Los Angeles.

I shall expect Mr. Fitts and Liberty to take the necessary steps to rectify the false impression created by their article.—*Carl I. Jacobson.*

¶ "The trouble with most of us," philosophizes J. A. Keyes of Indianapolis, Indiana, "seems to be that we fail to recognize the fact that the other fellow may be half right and that we may be half wrong."

BOSTON TEA PARTY STAMP

SEYMOUR, IND.—H. H. Harned mentions (June 1 Vox Pop) that the first stamps were taken from the so-called Boston Tea Party stamps. In case your readers might be interested in the so-called Boston Tea Party stamps, I am enclosing a picture of one cut off a London newspaper of 1776. This is twice the actual size. These stamps were merely printed on the newspapers. In the case of tea or other



staples that were packaged, the stamp was printed upon the sack or package.—*R. C. Pruitt.*

SOLDIER FOR PRESIDENT

MONROE, LA.—Watching for Mr. Macfadden's page in Liberty is like listening for the call to eat, with me; but there's one thing that I've wondered about: Why he hasn't written an article on the nomination of a military man as President.

In the present crisis it seems to me that such a nomination is really the only sensible thing to do.

Regarding Mr. Macfadden's editorial of May 25—Playing the Farmers for Suckers—doesn't he think that it has

always been the case? If Southern farmers were helped in the right way it would mean prosperity to the whole nation, but they have less attention than any other class of people.—*Mrs. Pearl McClure Hair.*

PATRIOTIC SERVICE

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—A real patriotic service on Liberty's part would be to republish I Joined the Bund as of September 23—October 14, 1939. Then the United States would know how the Fifth Column is established.—*Arnold Morris.*

[If we could oblige our readers in their requests for reprinting articles, we're afraid we would have little space for anything else !—VOX POP EDITOR.]

36 SECONDS A BLOCK!

READING, PA.—Is that article I Married a Latin (June 1 Liberty) really on the level, or is it one of those fast ones, like that brisk walk of fifty blocks in thirty minutes? I walk 120 blocks daily and the best that I ever made was a block a minute.

Of course when you can walk high on thin air and don't have to stop for traffic lights and dodge crowded streets, then probably you can average 36 seconds a block.—*H. J. Schaeffer.*

¶ **"Liberty always has very attractive covers!" cries Boo-Hoo-Hoo of New Bern, North Carolina. "But on the June 1 cover the young lady has not matched the buttons on her shorts. How about this?"**

SENATORS' SONS?

FORT SMITH, ARK. — Am thoroughly enjoying Tales Out of School, by a Senator's Daughter. Clever, frank, witty, they show a greater gift for writing than some in even higher position manifest.

But this has been troubling me: If daughters of the Senate are DOTS, what does that make sons of the Senate? Ouch!—*Uno.*

¶ **"'Short short' is an awkward, irritating term for your one-page stories," writes Theodora Moore of New York City, New York. "Why not call 'em 'shorties' for short?"**

"FIGHT ONE MORE ROUND"

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—In May 11 Liberty Mr. Oursler quoted the famous prizefighter Corbett's advice to "Fight one more round." That is just what I am trying to do and the quotation provides a marvelous stimulus which, it seems to me, should help a lot of people these days.

I wish you would find it possible to print that in display form in some future number of Liberty. I should like to put a copy in an easel on my desk. Just to keep me going. —*Mary C. Trafford.*

¶ **"I think now is a good time to reprint your Five-Point Program to Keep Us Out of War," advises Catherine Sullivan of East Boston, Massachusetts."**

GOOD WORK! GO AHEAD!

WICHITA, KAN.—Relative to More Snakes Than I Can Kill, by Martin Dies, a few of us Kansans wish to reprint these articles from Liberty in pamphlet form to be distributed free in Kansas.

We think your magazine did a great public service, and in order that those who never read these articles might have an opportunity to do so, we propose to print them without comment, pay for them by a subscription of local men. Our group would be associated for this one purpose only, nonpolitical, nonprofit, and no membership. We think a greater portion of the distribution would be through the State American Legion.—*G. E. Laughlin.*

DANGERS OF QUOTING

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Re: I Still Object to Dr. Russell (May 25 Liberty), apparently Mrs. Jean Kay reads much that is morally objectionable into the lines she quotes from Russell:

He is torn in one direction by love, she in the opposite direction by jealousy. Each, under the influence of passion, is likely to behave in an undesirable way. But traditional morality takes the view that, while his passion is wholly to be condemned, hers, provided it stops short of crime, is to be regarded as righteous.

Then she continues, "I know that unclean minds are still quoting from his books." If this isn't a self-indictment, what is it?—*Donald Krasno.*

¶ **Says Jim King of Chicago, Illinois: "I get most laughs out of Vox Pop kicks, especially when they miss—which they often do!"**

OOMPH GIRL GYPPED!

GIRARD, CALIF.—My habit is never to read your very good serial stories until the concluding installment. So, as I barge into Oomph Girl, by Margaret E. Sangster (Liberty, April 27—May 25), I am all set for a real treat.

I don't know where Margaret E. Sangster or Gladys

Holton bought that blue-and-white print dress (May 4 Liberty, page 22, column 1), but I will say this: She was gypped! $6.95! Why, for $2.98 I can buy a really chic dress with oomph that will neither shrink nor fade, in any one of the shops that line Hollywood Boulevard!

Otherwise the story's great. —*H. Berkeley.*

¶ **"I read fiction for recreation and to enjoy good company—not to consort with drunks and criminals," says Jenny O'Hara of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "Take this to yourself!"**

"How is it in the back?"

Ten Years of Warning

FULTON OURSLER

EDITING a magazine is a complex undertaking and a public responsibility. The function of any publication of wide national acceptance is not only to amuse and entertain but to inform the public and, so far as possible, to show them what are the probabilities of the future. . . . In the last ten years this magazine has pleaded for preparedness in the face of great opposition and censure. Through the utterances of some of the great figures of the world we sought to impress upon the American people the need to arm themselves for national defense. . . . Next week we are publishing an article that will review some of these warnings. We think you will be astonished to find how accurately some of our contributors in their articles, and Mr. Macfadden in his editorials, called the turn on world events. The staggering force of Germany in the air was all foreseen and foretold to you by General Mitchell and others. To hark back now is an adventure in listening to the past. . . . But if that were all it amounted to, we would not give it space. This article by Frederick L. Collins is important only because it gives weight to the same kind of prophetic articles of current interest. Such an article leads off next week's issue, Defenseless Alaska —The Ramparts We Don't Watch, by Donald MacDonald. We suggest that you read these two articles together—especially recalling, through Mr. Collins' review, how General William Mitchell told you in Liberty, years ago, not only that Japan wanted Alaska but why she wanted it, and then consider the situation as it is today in Mr. MacDonald's frank and well informed statement. These two articles, together with the second of Mr. van Paassen's pair of contributions, If the Allies Win, will form for you a stimulating comment on the present world situation, especially the part that is being played by the United States. That part affects the fortunes and the lives of every American citizen.

BUT THE WAR IS NOT ALL, and in spite of our preoccupation with rearmament and with the catastrophe overseas, there are still problems that we must face at home. One of these problems is dramatized by Edward Doherty in Wolves in the Windy City, a study of politics, graft, and crime in the second American metropolis. The story of Chicago is one that indicates the weak spots in democracy—weak spots which give a poisonous plausibility to attacks made by foreign dictators on the American way of life. Mr. Doherty not only exposes the conditions in Chicago but he tells also how democracy, in its strength, met and overcame those conditions.

THIS ALL SOUNDS very serious, but there is entertainment, fun, and inspiration in abundance next week in Liberty. Especially we recommend the short stories: All of Me—Always, by Baird Hall, and They Sing and Go Away, by Helen Hedrick. Frederick Smith has some amusing behind-the-scenes Hollywood material in his story about Ann Sheridan called The Real Oomph Girl. There is a fine true crime-and-detective story in our Valor in Citizenship Contest called The Reporter and the Hoodlums, by Frederick Lewis, and an interesting article by Magdalen Wake on Archbishop Spellman, who may be a cardinal when this issue reaches the newsstands. At all events, the prognosticators say he will wear the red hat before long. These, with the stirring conclusion of Wings of Wrath, by Oscar Schisgall, and of Upstairs and Down in Hitler's House, another installment of Money Talks, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and all the regular features, will make up a really stirring and fascinating issue of your favorite magazine. The Sidney S. Lenz Bridge Quiz, previously announced, will appear in a later issue.

SALMAGUNDI:

From Bernard M. Baruch: "I want to congratulate you on having General Robert Lee Bullard as one of your contributors giving his advice and suggestions. Nothing could be more to the point than his article in the June 1 issue of your magazine." . . . Have just received several copies of the Joliet Stateville Time, published by the inmates at Joliet. Its purpose, on the table of contents page, is said to be "to give the inmate body an opportunity for self-expression and to provide a medium of exchange for the views of society and the prisoner—in the hope of bringing about a better understanding between them both." This is an admirable purpose for a magazine, and certainly the publication itself is a credit to its editors. . . . From Ed Bodin a copy of his new book, Scare Me, which I read from cover to cover with a pleasurable sense of the creeps. Mr. Bodin apparently believes in a lot of things that I don't believe in, but the way he tells about them—haunts, fiends, ghosts, ectoplasmic specters, and invisible things that walk in the dark—makes you wonder whether perhaps he is right, after all. You get the creeps if you read the book alone and after midnight. . . . From Harold W. Sullivan a copy of his new book, Contempts by Publication, with a flattering inscription. Mr. Sullivan is a crusader against what he calls trial by newspaper. The fact is that the American newspapers today are eliminating these evils by admirable self-discipline, but many of the things that Mr. Sullivan says still need to be said. . . . Chi Gamble, writing in the Peoria Star, comments on a list of American institutions he says he saw printed in Liberty. On the list were baseball, politics, apple pie, ham and eggs, Sunday-afternoon automobile rides, ice cream, coffee, movies, and sunburn. Says Mr. Gamble in his interesting column, Side Swipes: "But we rise to protest. He should have included strawberry socials! The strawberry social has been an American institution since about 1700. Did a group want to have a meeting in late spring or early summer without any particular reason? Strawberry social. Did a church society or a Sunday-school class want to raise a little money to go into the fund to pay for new aisle carpet or to buy a new Boomer stove for the parsonage? Strawberry social. Did a lodge want to raise a little money to pay a delegate's fare to the district conference of Sons and Daughters of This and That? Strawberry social. In the past there were two ways of raising money, outside of taking cash gifts or assessments. One was the strawberry social and the other was the oyster supper. But the strawberry social brought in the most money. As years passed, ice cream came into vogue, and now it is strawberry-and-ice-cream socials. And these are still popular as social events, as well as money raisers. Something to eat, without too much of it. An opportunity to stay as long as you wish, or to leave as early as you choose. And no program! After all, there's comfort occasionally in attending some kind of a meeting that doesn't have a program!"

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

■

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COVER BY HERMAN E. BISCHOFF

Don't call it magic!

IT ISN'T MAGIC that gets really good pictures. One of the principal requirements is a film you can depend on . . . To be sure of getting it, "Ask for Agfa."

For best results in all-around photography ask for Agfa Plenachrome. It is one of Agfa's complete line of films, among which you'll find just the film for each type of photographic work.

Agfa Films bring you that famous "extra margin of quality" which helps you get best results under ordinary conditions, and *surprisingly good* results even under unfavorable conditions. Agfa Film helps you get clear, sparkling pictures, with sharp detail and attractive lights and shadows.

Ask for Agfa Film . . . and get better pictures! Every roll of Agfa Film is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York. Made in U. S. A.***

Agfa Film

The only film that guarantees "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Agfa

FASTER! FASTER!

"Speed's the thing in aquaplaning," says Florence Holliss, "but in a cigarette the fun and the *extras* go with slower burning...with Camels."

THERE'S A THRILL in every wave—a breath-taking bounce that says, *hang on or take your ducking!* Florence Holliss, above, likes the fast pace in sports. But in cigarettes, she prefers the slower-burning brand... Camels.

SLOWER BURNING MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE. THE MORE I SMOKE CAMELS, THE MORE I APPRECIATE THEIR MILDNESS AND COOLNESS. CAMELS GIVE ME EXTRA PLEASURE AND EXTRA SMOKING, TOO

"THE FASTER THE PACE, the more the fun," says Florence Holliss, above. That goes for all her favorite sports... aquaplaning, tennis, riding. But she likes her smoking *slow*. "I always smoke Camels," Florence says. "They burn slower and make smoking so much more enjoyable. Camels are extra mild and extra cool—and they have such a welcome flavor." Make Camels your cigarette and enjoy *extra pleasure* and *extra smoking* (see right).

EVERY DAY more and more smokers are discovering that the important "extras" in cigarette pleasure and value go with slow burning...Camels. For slow burning preserves and heightens natural tobacco flavor and fragrance...means freedom from the excess heat and irritating qualities of too-fast burning. Camels, with their costlier tobaccos and a slower way of burning unequaled in recent tests (*see below*), give you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor ...and extra smoking per pack. Penny for penny your best cigarette buy.

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU—

EXTRA MILDNESS **EXTRA COOLNESS** **EXTRA FLAVOR**